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Woodmen of the World

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Unveiling Tributes

Lewell C. Butler.

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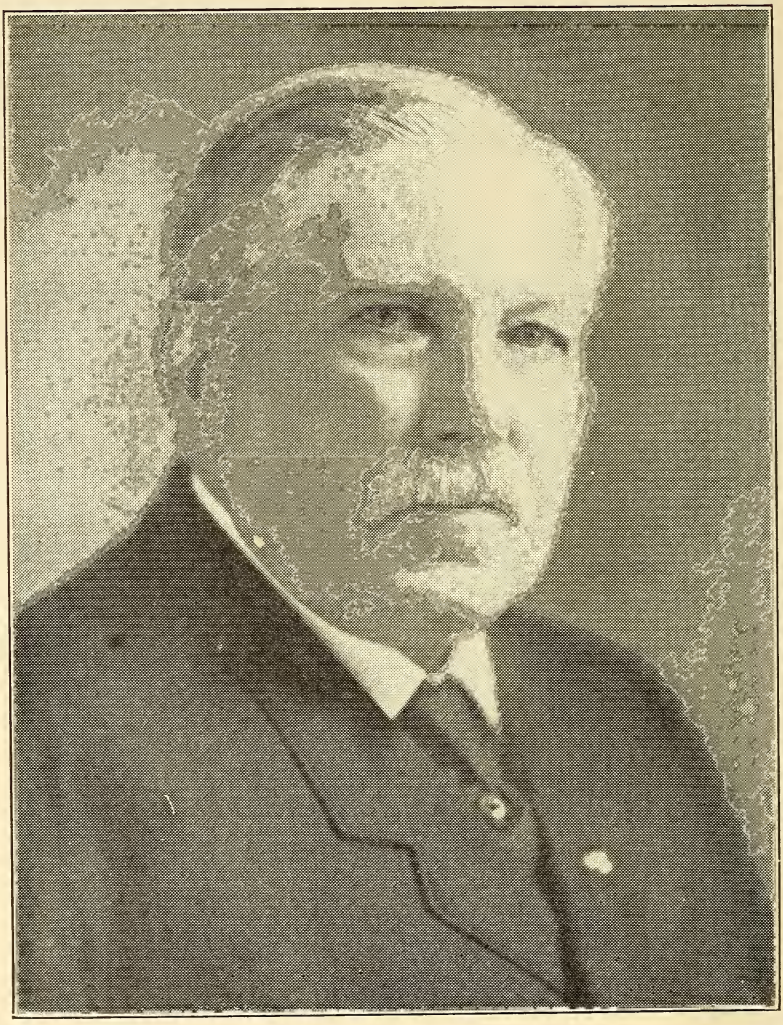

JOSEPH CULLEN ROOT

Founder of all Woodcraft

UNVEILING TRIBUTES

By

LEWELL C. BUTLER

1909
Press of Brandon Printing Company
Nashville

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rec'd. Dec. 14, 1909.

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Respectfully dedicated to my Honored Father: no truer Sovereign has ever labored in the Forests of Woodcraft.

Lewell C. Butler.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE ORDER

Resulting from a conference held on June 3, 1890, at Omaha, Nebraska, the Woodmen of the World was organized. Sovereign Joseph Cullen Root, the present Sovereign Commander, extended the invitation, to which nine men, well known for their business abilities, responded. The Sovereign Camp was organized a year later, and now embraces practically all of the States in the Union except those in the Pacific Jurisdiction.

The Order is now composed of three Jurisdictions, viz: *Sovereign*, *Pacific*, and *Canadian*.

The *Canadian* Jurisdiction was permitted in 1890 by an Act of the Parliament of the Dominion, and is one of the very few fraternal life insurance societies permitted under the rigid insurance laws of Canada. Its members are known as "Sovereigns," and its features and ritual are practically the same as those of the Sovereign Camp, but its financial management and its funds are separate from the Sovereign Camp. Its headquarters are at London, Ontario.

The *Pacific* Jurisdiction is under the management of a Head Camp composed of duly elected delegates from the subordinate camps. Its features and ritual are practically the same as those adopted by the Sovereign Camp, and its members are called "Neighbors." Its financial affairs are independent, having a beautiful home at Denver, Colorado.

The *Sovereign* Jurisdiction is governed by its constitution and laws, its affairs being in the hands of the Sovereign Camp and the Executive Council. Subordinate camps elect delegates to their respective Head Camps (composed of one or more States) and Head Camps choose representatives to the Sovereign Camp, which holds sessions biennially at various cities. Any beneficiary member of the Order in good standing is eligible to the highest office within the gift of the Order.

The members of the Sovereign Jurisdiction are required to carry life insurance in a sum not less than $500.00 nor more than $3,000.00, and at death all losses are promptly paid. At the grave of each

departed member a monument is erected by the Sovereign Camp at a cost of $100.00. These monuments are usually unveiled, with fitting ceremonies provided in the ritual, and whenever practicable an orator is called to deliver an unveiling tribute.

For admission into the Order, sound health, exemplary habits and good character are required. Persons engaged in certain occupations are barred. A strict medical examination of the applicant is made and report thereof must be approved by the Sovereign Physicians. The amount of insurance obtainable is limited or prohibited in unhealthful sections. The candidate is balloted on after careful investigating committees have made reports as to his character and eligibility.

Total disability benefits are paid to a member reaching seventy years of age, equalling one-tenth of his policy per annum. Ample and adequate assessment rates are charged, striking a safe and happy medium between the excessive premiums of the life insurance companies and the inadequate charges of the primitive current rate assessment societies. These rates have more than met all death losses and all operating expenses, and the constantly increasing balance is being at all times safely and profitably invested, thereby composing a Reserve or Emergency Fund of many millions for use at that time inevitable to all such societies when the percentage of death losses will increase with the age of the Order. These funds are already so enormous that members are assured against any material raise of rates for many years. Members are received between the ages of eighteen and fifty-two.

The headquarters of the Sovereign Jurisdiction are at Omaha, Nebraska, in a magnificent home owned by the Order. The salaries of the officers and current expenses of the Order are comparatively small.

Since the organization of the Woodmen of the World, its progress and growth have been unequalled. Its increase in membership has been the most marvelous ever known in any secret organization. Its phenomenal growth can find no parallel in all fraternal history. Its financial condition has steadily soared until it is no longer an untried institution, but to-day is recognized as perhaps the strongest

fraternal insurance society in the world. No secret order does more for charity, none does more to aid the living, and none has ever approached its record in marking the graves of the dead.

The many wise provisions of its Constitution are too numerous to explain, but guarantee to the Order perpetual prosperity. To point out the solidity of its business principles, the organic features on which it rests and the mutual advantages resulting to the individual members, would be an undertaking almost as impossible as an attempt to enumerate the inestimable blessings of the Federal Constitution. The Order has profited by the experiences of similar organizations, and is completely safeguarded against the disasters so fatal to many of its unfortunate forerunners.

The *Woodmen Circle* is an auxiliary that likewise erects monuments and has insurance features. The plan of its government is very similar to the Order. Its reserve fund is rapidly increasing. Many thousands of the most splendid women of the land are among its membership.

The *Boys of Woodcraft* is another important auxiliary, engaged in preparing young men under the age of eighteen for the benefits of Woodcraft.

The *Uniform Rank* has gradually developed until it now compares quite favorably with regular military bodies. Thousands of Woodmen to-day, without additional training, are able to enter the regular army, if need be, and defend their country, as the Order teaches.

To the rank and file of Woodcraft is due much of the credit for its greatness, but the durability of every structure largely depends on the skill and foresight of the builder. Thus to Sovereign J. C. Root and his able advisers must an admiring and appreciative public express its lasting gratitude. With him must be mentioned above all others such noblemen as Colonel B. Wood Jewell, and Sovereigns F. A. Falkenburg, John T. Yates, F. F. Roose, and C. C. Farmer. Honors must be acknowledged due also to every Woodman who has ever held an office in the Sovereign Camp, especially those of the later day, as follows: W. A. Fraser, Morris Sheppard, H. F. Simrall, D. E. Bradshaw, N. B. Maxey, J. E. Fitzgerald, L. Q. Rawson, E. B. Lewis, and T. E. Paxton.

INTRODUCTORY

The Head Camp Officers of Jurisdiction "N" (comprising the State of Louisiana) of the Woodmen of the World, venture to offer to the members of the Order and to the public generally fifteen short addresses. We realize that a great demand exists for speakers at the frequent unveilings of monuments and decorations of graves. The Head Camp finds it impossible to supply an orator for each unveiling or decoration, and quite often a camp is without an available speaker for such occasions. This condition almost daily confronts camps in all of the Jurisdictions, Pacific, Canadian and Sovereign.

The need of a standard work or book from which unveiling and decoration tributes may be appropriately selected and read or committed to memory, has long been great. We have therefore secured the consent of our Esteemed Head Clerk, Sovereign Lewell C. Butler, of Shreveport, Louisiana, to permit us to embody in book form a small collection of extracts from many such addresses delivered by him on behalf of the Order. It will be observed that some one of the following addresses will be applicable to any occasion of the kind and can be fittingly used by omission of the parenthetical parts and with appropriate insertions, alterations and omissions.

This publication is made by us not only for a guide and for the use of those camps who find themselves without a speaker for their ceremonies, but for the further purpose of supplying the membership and the reading public with a work which we hope will aid materially in making more keen the appreciation of our membership for the monument feature of the Order of Woodcraft, and to display to the outside world the fullness of a Woodman's memory. All of the following orations contain eulogies to the Order as well as to the departed members.

With some trepidation, and prompted only by the urgent need for such a compilation, we submit these scraps, taken by us from some of the leading orations of Sovereign Butler, as published in the

newspapers and elsewhere, and we do not—since he will not permit us to do so—present them as a literary production worthy of consideration.

We believe, notwithstanding, that Sovereign Butler's eulogies, as gathered by us after a hasty collection of his scattered notes and disconnected fragments, will, even in their unpolished shape, be of great advantage to the well-instructed Woodman as well as being of interest to those not versed in the mysteries of Woodcraft.

For the good of the Order, we are

Fraternally and respectfully,

A. B. Booth, Head Consul.
A. J. Bethancourt, Head Advisor.
H. L. Nick, Head Banker.
G. A. Connolly, Head Escort.
C. B. DeBellevue, Head Watchman.
Gus Kuhnert, Head Sentry.
L. R. Powers, Head Manager
A. F. Babin, Head Manager.
P. G. Wilbert, Head Manager.
H. G. Reimers, Head Manager.

A TRIBUTE TO A SOVEREIGN

He scaled the mountain of goodwill, and, climbing to its loftiest heights, he left all scorn and envious hatred far below.

AGAIN we pause to look into the grave—to contemplate the phenomenon of death—to guess at its indistinctness and confusion.

A man—a citizen—an American, lies dead before us. He lived and died as many millions lived before, but in that life the sun was never darkened, the brightness never waned, and when the mists and clouds would come and storms conceal the stars from view, this Sovereign saw the light of glory beyond the purple hills. With generous words and loving deeds he filled the passing hours.

He journeyed from his mother's arms to death's embrace, and now upon his brow is set the seal of perfect peace.

Zealous in his commendation, gentle in reproof, he spoke no ill of his fellow man—he heeded not the slanderer's tongue, but when the unkind word was spoken, he found complacence in the golden mead of silence and of doubt. Remaining speechless always when he saw a sinful deed performed, he judged his fellows as he would be judged.

He had a rare and noble loyalty of heart for friends whom his discernment helped him to select and choose. There was nothing doubtful in his love, nothing patronizing, nothing exacting, but his preferment for the true and brave glowed clearly as the sun.

He was a pattern of consistent gallantry—deferent to man as well as woman—respecting equally beauty and homeliness—paying proper homage alike to youth and age.

He was industrious, tireless and ever-alert. He did not pass the days in idleness and aimless dreams. He did not dwell on those illusions that nourish discontent. He never waited for an inspiration nor languished in an irksome solitude, but gathered from the crumbling hours their sweetest fruit. He always seemed to know the mode of doing that which pointed to his highest aim.

Among his most noteworthy qualities were abounding life and irrepressible humor. Unhesitating and versatile in his conversation,

he always had a ready answer. The influence of his society was refining and uplifting.

He died in the prime of illustrious manhood; a gentleman of honor and of dignity, of courtesy and chivalry, and guided by the highest dictates of integrity and duty. He represented the noblest type of American manhood, the purest flower of the race.

Free from perfidy and guile—above the littleness of caprice—this man embraced the fortifying virtues of the age. Possessed of a coolness of mind and serenity of counsel, his ways and words had nothing of the harsh and cold. Prudent, sensible, sagacious and keen, he mingled talents and capacity with terser wisdom and understanding. His heart was full of sympathy and love. He scaled the mountain of goodwill, and climbing to its loftiest heights, he left all scorn and envious hatred far below.

A sense of duty and of wrong—a love of humor and of wit—an aptitude in talents born from insight into nature—all these contributed in liberal measure to model and enrich this man's accomplished mind.

Unlike the knave who makes the interest of the public subservient to his own, he suffered every individual inconvenience for the public good. He consecrated every energy to the welfare of his town and State. He sought to aid the toiling masses, and nobly advocated universal brotherhood and love.

He had that magnanimity of heart that sought and craved no ostentation—that quiet, gentle charity that looks not for the approbation of the many or the few—that sheds its brightest lustre like the flower, born to blush unseen. His was a generous and a loving soul, the joy of every Woodman's heart, the pride of every eye.

He furnished a gigantic spectacle to the sympathetic world—an example worthy of our emulation. He met his friends with smiles and hearty greetings. He never seemed dejected or distressed. Even in the hour of death his face was beaming with refulgent joy.

———— was handsome. His deep, rich voice was as sweet as music. His eyes were full of laughter and of cheer. His acts in life defied attack and challenged boundless admiration. That

comely grace of justice in his heart, outrivalling the noblest attributes of man, renders his memory imperishable.

A man of broad and liberal mind, with depth of thought and keenness of perception, with faculties, sharp-edged, unbiased and impartial—imbued with honor's highest excellence—instilled with virtues womanly and pure, he accepted life without complaining—appreciated every good—resisted every tempting evil; not wholly faultless, it is true, but none are faultless that are human.

He lavished friendship on the needy.

What he accomplished was due to his individual effort. He met obstacles in his path, far greater than some of his closest friends have ever known. All credit to the man who pushes on, undaunted by the barriers in the way!

This actor in the play of life assumed his part. He spoke his lines and then retired. He acted without cue or prompter and knew not when the scene would close. His first act—infancy and youth—was played in comedy and mirth; the next, we saw his solemn drama and pathetic heart; and finally, as the curtain fell, and he was hidden from our view, the plot of life had been disclosed, and had developed into deepest tragedy and profoundest grief.

How liberal were his views! Hemmed not within the pale of things believed and lessons taught—from out behind the barriers of fear and fashion and accepted truth, he let his genius spirit reckless roam! Giving to new ideas his careful thought and seeking always to discern the truth of new assertions, he proved to be a man of absolutely independent mind. Despite this fact, his Christian spirit and abiding faith were never shaken. His creed was steadfast to the end.

He asked to be allowed to do no sweeter labor than that performed for fellow man. (He was the champion of the common people). He pointed out the safest path to all who sought his splendid counsel. He longed to see the entire world alike in love, religion and in deed.

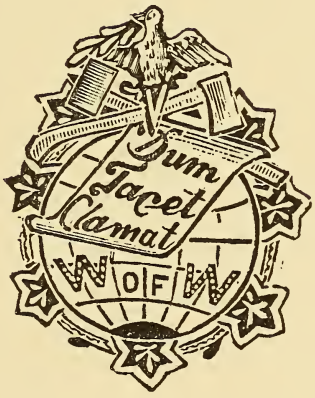
If the story of the Maker were untrue; if the promised land were but a myth to mould the minds of babes and children; if teachings of the future world were meant alone to bend the coward's knee, and

heaven and hell were but traditions; even if the life below ends life forever, and in the grave is buried all, a life like his is still the life most fit to live. Rewards of earth will justify. We do not need to scan the stars to find repayment for a life like this. The world will shower its abundance here below. Such lives deserve the grandest tributes that mankind can bestow.

Requiescat in pace

Farewell, until we meet again!

A TRIBUTE TO A SOVEREIGN



He crossed that sea whose skies were never marred by outlines of returning ships, and on whose waves unanchored barks drift always to the west.

My friends, a lavish eulogium is not praise, but nothing could be said of him of which he was unworthy—no words of approbation but would become the man in memory of whom we now convene. In fact and truth he was a kind and loving father, a patient husband, a worthy neighbor and a sincere man. This is enough. His name, of this alone, will be remembered. He leaves not in the memory of his wife or children the record of an unjust deed.

He won and held our admiration by his constant labor and unswerving work. Possessed of those praiseworthy attributes—determination, courage, fortitude and fidelity, there was, nor is, no better man. We extol his piety, veracity and self-sacrifice. Pleasant and familiar in conversation, cheerful, affable and kind, he made his nature rich by seeming always free from care.

His regulating principle in life was usefulness and doing good. It filled his heart with gladness. It gave to him that joy which is, I think, by far more deep and sweet and all-embracing than any other the heart can know. To those who knew him, his soul chanted out the melody of its simple greatness.

He was a lover of the forests, both natural and fraternal. Often have we seen him go for his vacation to the woods—woods like these around us now, where in the air is wafted the sweet perfume of summer flowers.

He loved the haze, the soft south breeze, the wild wind moaning over wintry waves, the tough-leaved oaks, the swaying pines, the yellow daffodils and dew-drop covered moss and vine.

How appropriate to bury him among the scenes he knew and loved! He loved the warbling mocking-bird that imitates its feathered tribe. He sorrowed for the purple dove that cooed the sadness of its widowhood. He loved the spring and all its thousand fancied things that make the landscape rich and grand—that tuned the mind to thoughts of love and filled the world with joy. He loved the

mighty pageantry of the forests—the twittering swallow on the swinging spray, the conversation of the breeze, the deep discoursing of autumnal winds.

Allured to nature as the columbine attracts the gentle bee, he loved the rolling table-lands and serried plains and velvet foliage of the creeping vine. He loved the plant's expanding leaves and petals poising in the air. He loved the moon's translucent light—its lustre mirrored by the silvery streams,—the topmost hedges filled with snow, and drifting banks where whiffs of wind swept 'round and played to leave the snow-hills ribboned and engraved. He loved to walk the ocean's beach upon symmetric seams of sand, with massive rocks and cragged cliffs above, and listen to the rumbling of sonorous billows shoreward bound.

He loved the great fraternal world, where love of fellow man composes all. He loved it for its splendid teachings. He loved the Woodmen of the World, because of their devotion, man for man, and Sovereign for home. Woodcraft says: "We take care of the widow, we take care of the orphan, we protect them from the winter's whine."

He loved the business and commercial world, because such world is necessary to the common weal.

In all these worlds this Sovereign was a light sublime. When friends and neighbors all deserted and social leaders turned from humbleness in scorn, this Sovereign was at hand, consoling. He craved no higher privilege than to share his earnings with a friend in need. He asked to be allowed to aid.

These things—this great devotion—we now, as Woodmen, would repay. Alas, it is too late to do so in substantial measure, but we would offer memory in recompense. 'Tis all that we can give him now. Though others pass him by unnoticed, this band of Woodmen will remember. Since death has taken him in its embrace, we see to-day these faithful Choppers, emerging from the forest fastnesses their spears and axes laid aside, to form a wedge around this monument of Honor and Remembrance. Honor to the living! Remembrance to the dead! and Love for those he leaves behind him! As long as reason holds its sway, his name will be dear to the hearts of all

Woodmen, and until the silent granite-piece that towers here shall crumble, his name will be perpetuated around our sacred seal.

The thoughts conveyed by human words are feeble. We must appeal in silence to our inner beings. The wonder is that simple words can tell so much. If to-day we could exhaust the almost endless passages of language—could speak with all the eloquence of the orators of old, our sentiments of memory would still remain inadequately spoken. No tongue can tell the feelings of the wounded heart. Our love, our memory, is untold.

A husband and a father! He quit the burden of his earthly days. He's gone to join the seraph voices singing in the cedar groves, whereon the sun forever shines, where music fills the verdant boughs, and golden fruits and silvery leaves bespeak the presence of eternal gladness. He is there to-day. He will be there to-morrow, and forever.

Justice placed its kiss upon his brow and Courage folded him in loving arms. He crossed that sea whose skies were never marred by outlines of returning ships, and on whose waves unanchored barks drift always to the west.

We have consigned the last remains of this beloved Sovereign back to the lap of earth. The gentle, sympathetic winds will sing their midnight services.

With grass, with weeds, with constant sun and changing moon, with shifting clouds and falling rains, farewell! We give your sacred dust to clod and clay, and now unveil your monument.

A TRIBUTE TO A SOVEREIGN

He loved the flag—the stars and stripes—
for Woodcraft and for country.

AGAIN Death's angel comes among us. We have been visited by Him who reaps and always plucks the fairest flower. We therefore meet to speak our sentiments and love as Sovereigns.

Another Woodman, fatigued with labors, and wearied of his heavy burdens, has gone to sleep; the unused portion of the path of life awaits him still.

This man who had no fear in life was not afraid to die; true and noble, brave and good, generous and charitable—he loved the music of laughter, the warm grasp of the friendly hand, the sparkle of the eye.

His sense of duty was not gilded by a hope of gain. He was richer in the blessedness of his own contentment than all the oriental kings and queens, rich-robed and crowned.

He was a man who shunned the vulgar and impure, and sought to win a favored place in every neighbor's heart. He was generous to those who wronged him—forgiving of all who, prompted by the force of evil, committed sins. He knew that in the wicked wretch were sowed the seeds of good. He made allowance for the eccentricities and frailties of the human race, and thought the wayward only feeble-minded men misled.

Within the narrow compass of his life his courage and devotion to the cause of right were fully proved. His tenderness was as deep and beautiful as his compassion and sympathy were wide. He thought that charity was the sum of all the virtues, that tears of pity were divine, that mercy's key unlocked the heart's most sacred chambers.

He sided with the poor and weak and held an outstretched hand to those who came to him for aid; he knew that circumstances alter cases—that often, time and place and opportunity contribute much to mould and shape the character of men. He knew that those whom fate has thrust upon life's roughened pathway, where thorns and stones must tear and bruise, will in the journey suffer harm. He

knew that children, pure as snow and fondled in their mother's arms, must shape their natures by the pattern of surrounding things. Accordingly, he overlooked, forgot, condoned.

We loved his personal character and domestic life. He was a gracious being, tenderly devoted to sister, mother, father, friend. Simple, dignified and courteous, he held our admiration and esteem. His affection and fidelity were unvarying and remarkable.

He frankly avowed a religious faith. He heartily favored liberty and espoused the principles of freedom, in person, action, word and deed. His mind was dispassionate, broad and calm; his deportment was adapted to his place and station. His liberal views were never hushed or checked by any patronage of voice or favor. Serenely unconscious of his own heroic courage and unhesitating fearlessness, he fully proved to all except himself that he was brave. He was a zealous patriot, pure in heart. His gentle disposition and amiable manners, his open candor and natural modesty were apparent to all.

He united to the advantage of a commanding appearance a grace of person and an individual and distinctively peculiar charm; pleasant and unreserved, frank and outspoken—always precise and clear, at times emphatic and even picturesque—his philosophy was broad, his determination unflinching. He was aggressive in his own opinions, vigorous and young. Combining the elements of truth and justice he felt dishonor like a sting.

He was enlisted as a soldier. He loved the flag—the stars and stripes—for Woodcraft and for country. He fought the battles of his life successfully, until at last his weapons failed—his armor fell upon the ground and his breast was bared unto the sword of Death, the enemy invincible, against whose march he planned and fought so bravely and so well.

Soldier, to you it is the hour of midnight. The sound of taps has fallen on the foggy air. Your dreams will never be disturbed by the dreadful screaming of the shots above. The foe can never reach you here. This barricade is insurmountable and inconquerable; the fortress called the grave will never fall. The rumoring air brings not the rife of coming conflict. The morning's reveille will

not command you to the sergeant's call. Your fellows will march on to fight the adversary Death, while you lay down the arms so valiantly wielded and surrender now. One by one your brave survivors will be vanquished in their turn.

(Peaceful in life, helpless in death, forsaken and beyond our aid, we lay your bayonet and gun unbuckled by your side. We will not leave you shorn of all defense, since you must walk unguarded and alone into the lands where friends or foes may be encamping.)

In the skirmishes of life he was a gallant soldier—a fearless warrior. Enrolled in the army of justice, he marched through hardships to a splendid victory; and when the enemies of right were conquered by his hand and power, and when the persecutors of the oppressed and weak were left flesh-torn and bleeding on the field, his were the generous hands extended—his were the words of cheer.

He was compelled to leave his home and all his many loving friends and lose the memory of the pleasant days that golden-winged have fled.

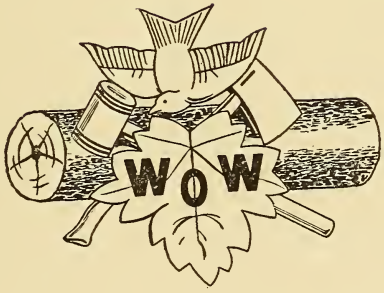
There is no future life whose doors are closed to such as he, nor shall the stream of a life like this flow to an evil sea.

'Mid clouds and darkness, into the closing folds of night, his spirit sank to rest. From the fountain of eternal peace that spirit drinks repose. His body moulders on the breast of earth, mixed with the elements. His name, his deeds, will never fade—are such that time can not efface nor lapse of years destroy.

This monument, erected by the Woodmen of the World, stands as a tribute to his memory, and bears, like many thousands of its kind, the emblems of the Order. To-day its beauty is displayed—the veil is raised that we may see it, that you may read it, that the blessed sunlight may shine upon it.

A fitting ceremony has been held, denoting that we honor those he left behind, and hold his memory as a treasure.

A TRIBUTE TO A SOVEREIGN



To know him better was to love him more.

ON A BEAUTIFUL DAY like this, how sweet it is to gather here, beneath this lovely, clear, blue sky, to witness a spectacle so solemn and impressive as has been offered in the name of Memory.

The mechanism of a life is broken, a brilliant mind has ceased to work, a ready hand is shorn of all its deftness and a soul has been deprived of human habitation. It lives above.

———————— was a man of splendid physique—perfect as the classic Greek was he in form. Independent in demeanor, tall and imposing, he stood erect, and in submission bowed his head to Death alone. He bore the stamp of courage on his face. Of rare and attractive personality, his broad proportions instinctively arrested the stranger's eye and kindled within him a desire to better know the man. To know him better was to love him more.

A child of nature's noblest work, born out among the trees, he loved the things inanimate. He loved the children of the sun and soil—the bush, the weed, the grass. He watched the dexterous seasons change and felt the thrill of coming spring, when all the autumn's harmonies of brown transformed into a galaxy of gay and green, and Nature, re-astir from winter's sleep, put on its robe of gold. He saw November's withered leaves and blossomed foliage yellowed by the sultry days, the stem of the lily bend and break and sink before the zephyr's sigh, the vine's caressing tendrils wilt, and burrs and buds and masts of beech and oak and maple fall. He loved the quiet, tranquil woods, the silent shadows of the deepening jungles, the beech—moss-clad upon the windward side, the tossing sprays of angry floods, and all the joining jubilees of earth at evening's runic play. He loved the cry of fowl, the bark of fox, the howl of wolf, the eagle's scream, the murmuring brook, the subtle fragrance of the moss and leaves, the hum of honey-gathering bees, the chirp of infants in ærial nests. He loved the raven's cry; the pensive,

whistling quail; the querulous, fretful cedar-bird; the weird and smothered calling of the winds among demented trees.

Capricious in the abundance of beauty around them, bursting forth in the fullness of their revelry, he heard the linnet's lay, the yaffle's call, the thrush's cry, the croak of frog, the cricket's song, the robin redbreast in the winnowed winds, the eerie wailings of the nightingale in piteous complaint, the dove upon the wintry bough, a prophetess of grief. He loved the vales, sun-warmed between the ancient hills; the rocks, the cliffs, the mingling sounds of nature's kirmess blending in euphonic song. He loved the gleams of sunlight bursting through the open sky, the dazzling, drifting wreaths of snow, the dewy warmth of April mornings.

He saw upon the bending boughs the honey-suckle bloom, the grapes and pawpaws hung in clustering bunches, 'round which the vine, aflame with scarlet, wrapped and twined. When frosts and snows descended he saw with throbbing heart the grandeur of the evergreen that stood in stateliness above the brush and swamp, adorned by heavy, icy cloaks and captured sheets of rain. He loved the hickory's rusty knots, to which the sharp icicles clung; the marsh beneath the drip of leaf, the winter's blasts, the biting frosts, the driven sleet. He loved the sturdy oak, the stately palm, the towering pine, the wind-kissed blossoms, fanned and cooled, whose bosoms yielded to the wooing breeze and rocked the insects to repose.

He loved the lazy pastures and the quiet lanes, the unsullied brightness of the sun, the lagging sameness of the noon, the sordid ponds, the stagnant pools, the aimless indolence of deserted fields and farms, the fallen straw that shifts and varies with each changing wind. He loved to watch the soaring hawk upon the bosom of the air, above the sleepy oxen in the muddy streams—examples of content.

Ah, yes; he loved all Nature's works, because his soul was great! He loved and lived and labored daily, because his heart was just. He drank the purity of the air, because his mind was pure. He asked his friends to sow the seeds of kindness and of truth.

He lived for mankind and for friend. Our scope of words can not impart the meaning of the love we hold for those who in the tide of time have lived, it seems, for us alone.

We do not ask what he accomplished. We do not ask what worldly goods he left behind. It is enough that he endeavored. When man has done all that he can he has not lived in vain. Though seeming failure be his lot, the victory is there. While some may say that he deserved a higher place, the lips of others may be heard to murmur, "It is well."

He met with what we call success—success as he esteemed it; not the hoarding of gold, not the acquisition of lands and properties, not in literature or art, but success from its highest and loftiest standard, which consists of *being*, not possessing. In this his aim was keyed to the maximum.

He won the love of all who knew him, and now his memory is ours. Let memory be not undervalued. It is no part of our material selves. It is devoid of size and height. 'Tis not a slab on which are written those things we would retain in mind, and yet we feel that memory is, of all our faculties and attributes, the chief. Through veins of memory flows the blood of many hundreds dead.

Let death be not despised. It slinks away to places sequestered and secure, without the noise of drums, the flare of flags, the shouts of victory. Death meekly steals apart from living scenes. Let death be avoided but not feared.

Sovereign ———————— did to others as he would have them do to him. Filled with the spirit of Joseph's kindness, who stepped from Egypt's throne to own his brothers and forgive them, he signified that good should be returned for evil.

This pike-pole means protection for his home and friends. The salt we sprinkled on his monument represented hospitality, generosity and charity. The axe and wedge and beetle implied the dignity of labor, and the contents of the silver vessel, poured on the tombstone, trickling back to earth again, reminded us that there is no demon in a glass of pure water, and that temperance is a bridle made of gold.

When living, how was he esteemed? Not second to our greatest citizen. He was of a philanthropic trend of mind. No commonplace complaints or ills oppressed him; no grumblings, lamentations or regrets were his. He learned to reconcile himself to things as they must be He loved the right, he loathed the wrong, he hated vice

and worshipped virtue. He decried dogmas that embodied shades of speculative truth, and asked for truth, and truth alone. His creed was of the highest mould—not given wholly to a single sect, but liberal and broad.

I think to-day that if beyond the golden west there is a door that stands ajar for those who flee this orb of pain and on whose portals there is written, "Only for the true and just," this worthy man has stepped within. If in the book of golden leaves the angels write the names of those who dearly loved their fellow men, this Sovereign is Abou Ben Adhem.

With tireless wings he flew into that great mirage—into that silent haven where untold thousands went before. He found a greeting in that better world most cordial and sincere.

All that was mortal of a life of honest efforts and self-denying deeds has passed to dust.

————————! He had relentlessness of decision such as confirmed in him the resolution of perpetual benevolence, that power of command, that earnestness of zeal, that definiteness of purpose and inflexible justice necessary to a forceful character. He lived without an undue measure of jealousy, envy, whims or fears. His integrity was rugged and irrefragable. No motives of friendship, hatred or interest to himself could bias his opinions or influence him to do a wilful wrong. His actions and behavior were regulated by a firm conviction that all men are created equal. Nothing swerved him from the path of righteous duty.

Confiding implicitly in the universality of our creed, let us believe that he has felt upon his brow the breath of an eternal morning. In the fullness of his faith in mankind's immortality, let us believe that his closing eyes beheld a scene of mystic ecstacy and joy that only the rapture of a parting soul can know.

This monument will stand as long as marble may resist the elements. Our memory will last as long as in the breast the heart sits king upon its throne.

The complement of darkness is the light. The counterpoise of memory is forgetfulness. The darkness of his death is brighter since we have lit the fires of truth, and we, as Woodmen, wish to show that Memory holds its sway supreme.

A TRIBUTE TO A SOVEREIGN

He told that quality of truth that bears the pith of matchless beauty.

My friends, for fruitful meditation have we gathered here. We bow our heads in silent reverence. We vow to throw aside the cares and travails of the non-fraternal world, and pay the last sad rites of brothers unto a fallen man.

Grief's wounds can never heal. Sorrow for the dead, that opens daily Memory's portals, will never cease; the door of recollection always leads us to the grave. Sorrow for the dear departed is the only pain that time and years and new-found friends and changing scenes can never cure.

How dear and sacred is the emptiness—the nothingness—called memory! How dear the love of son for father, of child for mother, of friend for friend! What sister would forget her brother's name, his life, his deeds, although his memory only serves to wring her heart with grief? What son would banish from his mind the picture of his mother's face, her tender kiss, her parting words, though memory only pains? What child, whose tender parents lavished boundless love upon it, would bury memory in the solemn grave? Although this memory often saddens at the brightest hour or surges in when sorrow's cup is filled already unto overflowing, we still continue feeding fuel to the fire of memory's flame.

Sometimes the drooping spirit is reanimated by its reflective happiness. We can not let it go. We love to listen to the imaginary voice that rises from the grave's repose—the noiseless words forthcoming from the quiet, noiseless tomb.

This memory may, in the conflict of the brain's employments, lose its lustre for a passing while, but in the distant future it will flash anew and glow the brighter for its long oblivion. Its vast, imposing magnitude, as the rays of memory penetrate the vista of departed years and steal upon the dormant sense of him who in the past has loved, looms brightest when forgotten and again recalled. Memory, victor over din and chaos, will survive the fabric of the world itself!

Ah, my friends, what changes may be wrought by time! How sad to lose the kind companions of the long ago! How much we miss the love of those we knew so well and held so dear! How swift the wings that bear the passing years away! How keen the parting from a life-long friend! How bitter is the sad goodbye, perhaps for months, perhaps forever! How sad the separation from the loving souls with whom we moved! How pitiful the parting grasp, the last farewell, the dying footsteps, the retreating form!

And yet how little is this simple grief, compared to that we hold for those who go beyond the life of man! When Woodmen die, our sudden anguish can not be controlled, our convulsive sorrow is unbridled, while on the cool, thin airs of night their spirits walk abroad. They do not pause to offer any consolation. We must console and soothe ourselves. We seek to make repairment of our wounded hearts by tears and deep bereavements, which open wider every wound. We should remember, "It is for the best."

Then death is painless to the dead, and painful to the living. If this be true, is life preferable to death? I sometimes think it should not be. I can not say.

Death! A thing from which all men recoil, may be indeed a blessing. We see it looming grandly from afar. The chase and war path may divert our course, but we journey on toward it. We love to be missed. We want to be freed from our miseries and woes.

How blessed is our ignorance of the hour of death! We stand beside the grave and wonder when our time will come, yet who would willingly learn the answer? What man, however long the lease might be, would spend his time, like a felon in his gloomy cell, the warrant signed and the unappealable sentence of death pronounced against him? What man would kill his own ambition, discontinue his useful works, and end the given known remainder in despair? This ignorance is a wise provision of the Kindly Hand that rules the subject world.

Through all the ages this same Ruler has sat upon the summit of the Universe. Before His eyes the highways of all human life are plain. His observation has swept the range of all creation. His endless vision has followed the changing scenes of life and matter

through all the countless years gone by. He sees the struggle for existence made by every human being. He hears the queries of those clouded brains that strive to penetrate the darkness, met always with the responding pathos: "You are but born to die." He sees each generation born, he sees all generations perish; he hears each anxious soul, before retiring to its waiting fate, propound again that never-answered question concerning what is hidden in the puzzling mists beyond the range of sight. He so ordained that none but those who die may see.

We carry hope, withal. Ambition is alive in men. We look for better, higher things. We know not why. Desires will never rest. Our wants compose a mystery. To tell us *why* these aching aspirations—this spur of hope that pricks the heart—there are no words in all the tongues of men. Once satisfied, this hope—this hunger—gnaws anew. Its victim longs for higher things more keenly than before.

This monument, how beautiful, and yet, it may transpire, how futile! The pall of death is o'er the land. It may descend before to-morrow, engulfing all the works of man, and yet our busy little beings, unmindful of the Author's changing will, go heedless on. We grope, blind-folded, in the deepening gloom. We leave our records for the ages that may never come and build this monument for the generations that may not be born.

We write the name of Sovereign ———————— upon our loyal hearts. As the purse is fuller by the gold we save and not the coins we spend, so the mind is richer by the treasures it contains and not the things forgotten.

The members of our Order love all men, because in every man is a lovable something. We love our fellow Sovereigns best, because that something is discovered. We love the fallen comrade for what he represented when alive. If men could understand each other—could see the good and bad at once, could read the promptings of the naked heart—how we could learn to love the sinner and forget the sin.

I know that every vagabond without is but the unkempt tenement of a lordly prince within; that in the breasts of faltering sinners

beat sympathetic hearts; in every base and hardened criminal there is an undeveloped goodness; in every prodigal there are some redeeming features; in every heart of steel is planted the uncultured germ of the holiest saint.

Sovereign ———————— was ambitious for a better station, and he deserved success. Not one who conceived too much and achieved too little, his hopes were within the bounds of reason. His character was sublime. He told that quality of truth that bears the pith of matchless beauty. Endowed with genius and arrayed among the dauntless cohorts battling for the cause of right, he held a bold, unbroken front unto the common enemy.

Contention, strife and factious clamor were strangers to this honored man. To him the tedium of existence was unknown.

Although Sovereign ———————— is dead, figuratively he lives. The things that he performed are living. A noble impulse is not fruitless, a virtuous deed will never perish, a generous action does not die.

———————— was one who could not loiter. He knew no pause. Irrepressible in life's maddening race, relentless in his search for lofty thoughts and high ideals, enveloped by the rapture of a higher purpose, he spent no idle hours in dreaming. Reverses were to him but spurs to further, higher effort. Disasters only summoned his latent energies and determination. Present failure meant final triumph.

He scattered with prolific hand the golden seeds, and those who follow in his footsteps will reap the gain.

From morn to dusk he traveled toward that bending arch where twilight zephyrs breathe their impatience for the coming night and vesper embers fade and sink with dying day.

He was of uncomplaining disposition and had the candid temper of philosophy. His lofty and generous sentiments were never stifled. Something in his manner, his appearance, his personality, made Sovereign ———————— distinguished and distinctive. Of splendid build he appeared the monarch of all that he surveyed. Cheerful and sociable, he spread the magic of congeniality. Pos-

sessed of a happy wit and humor, he made himself a favored guest and welcomed visitor.

(He asked to be buried here—this open field—where in the days of slavery were heard the master's fiddle and the negro's shout, the song of ploughman and of reaper. He cared not for the crowded vaults where rest the forms of kings. He longed to rest upon the hill that held so many memories of his youthful days—his childhood recollections).

Well may his brothers cherish his reputation. Well may his family be proud of his name. Well may the children of the coming day boast of a happy heritage!

It is sometimes thought that only heroes have their names remembered by their fellow countrymen—that eminence consists in wealth and office—but go among the jostling crowds, the busy strife and hastening feet engaged in commonplace pursuits, and there is always found the man whom we have never known before, as noble as the noblest born, as brave as any hero who was ever sung or penned or pictured. This Sovereign was such a man. If opportunity had offered, he would have fully stood the test.

The thoughts that language might express about a Woodman's memory, live only in a mansion wrought of dreams—are like an unworked mine with tons of gold: our instruments of thought are far too poor to reach the richest vein. We must be satisfied if here and there we may be able to pick up a nugget from the sand and loam.

This monument was erected in memory of one whom now we leave to rest in peace. The rain will not deface it. It, like his memory, is of marble.

A TRIBUTE TO A SOVEREIGN

He was a steadfast, true and Christian friend.

UNREPLYING—voiceless—still—another Woodman has departed. The harmonies of the air have died away and murmuring night steals o'er a darkened world. We have unveiled this monument, erected by his favorite fraternity, in memory of him who nestles in his mother earth.

The Order grows, and yet it seems the rank and file is being thinned—the brightest lights have been extinguished—new loves can never fill the places of the old. The fires of love burn out within our hearts, and leave them charred and cindered—yes, incurable.

We give unto the Great Disposer a free, untrammeled soul, to be enthroned. If for every kind and noble deed this man performed, we'd plant a tree above his grave, a mighty forest soon would grow; if for every act of charity he did a rose would bloom above his head, the air would mellow with perfume; if for every generous thought and word he spoke, we'd place a cedar twig upon this mound, to-day he'd sleep beneath a monument of green.

He was a steadfast, true and Christian friend. What more could we desire? With this alone, the gods of mercy will be satisfied.

We can not see beyond the tomb where silent shadows cover all; we can not hear the voice of man beyond the last goodbye; but what to us is utter darkness—what seems to me the starless night—to him became the light of morning, the coming of a grander day.

Death covers not with roof and walls, but opens wide a door. Sometimes our faith is shaken and we pause and doubt; we think, we ask, we dream. Sometimes we feel uncertain of the story of the world beyond. To-day we have no fear. We meet with reassurances. The idea of another life—it swells and throbs within the breast—is born of reason, hope and fear, and faith, triumphant over all, dispels the clouds of doubt. Such souls as this can not lose their identity in matter's worthless mass. There is a future world for all.

We do not know which state is best: Life—with its promises and hopes, its loves and fears, its pains and pleasures, its lights and shad-

ows, its ever-restless strifes and conflicts; or Death—where neither pangs nor joys abide, where contentment is ineffable, and where we can not sip from any cup its sinful sweets. No scale can weigh the counter forces—no mind can measure Life with Death—no one can say that in the balance Life will rise or Death will fall.

Stand over his cold form and weep, since tears befit the parting! Was he not such a man as we shall miss? He'll know no more his father's smiles nor mother's changeless love. Forget him not, we that survive—he is among the holy dead. All those that weep, be comforted!

If memory ceases in the busy marts of morn and noon, when the stroke of midnight falls upon the wakeful ear, it surges re-anewed. If tears are irrepressible, and on thy cheek their drops are gathered now, let them be proof of joy and not of woe.

Sovereign ———————— was tireless and brave. He never wavered until a weary heart and checkened step gave warning that the end was near, and sinking like an infant in its cradle-bed, he passed away in dreams.

What of the man, his disposition? He took counsel from the sober dictates of his own good judgment, and died an honored and respected man—outlived the fear, the possibility of meeting any unexpected snares that lie half-hidden in the paths of all. He walked around. He lifted life above a niggard, common level. No pitfalls fell beneath his step, nor did his foot become entangled in dishonor's traps. He advocated purity in the affairs of men. He won the studded crown of virtue, resplendent with its gloss of gold, and wore it on his brow with gracious smile.

This Sovereign was a blessing to his friends. He took delight in innocent hilarity, in diffusing pleasure, in inspiring joy. In him was always discernible the fullness of a cheerful soul. His laughter rang with music. His beaming face bespoke the gladness of his soul. He found an inspiration in the happy looks of those around him. He never repined in loneliness. He sought the company of his friends—companionship of Woodmen. Participating in the merriment of others, he made felicity for himself. Along the path he strewed the rose and plucked the thorn, and ample proof of many

noble deeds performed by him is living still. The world is better for his having lived because he built the true realities for others that thrive forever and abide through every earthly change.

He was successful in his own affairs. Being neither miser nor spendthrift, he denied himself no luxuries desired, but indulged in none of the wants of mind or body beyond his means. With wise forethought and discrimination he always kept within the safer medium that lies between the dangerous extremes. He rose before the beast of greed and gave the monster gaze for gaze.

No man has ever yet unveiled the secret place where dwells the soul of any friend. It lives alone. You think you know him, but you know him not. You know his voice, his face, his walk, his manner from an outer view—you hear him speak, you know his habits and expressed beliefs, but yet, the query-mocking spirit which he himself can not divulge, remains concealed. But Woodmen know each other's souls as well as men can know each other. Our association with Sovereign ———————— disclosed the nature of the inner man. But for the Woodmen of the World, this Sovereign's scope of charity and activity—his love of duty and of friend—might have remained unheeded. Animated by its enlightening influence and appreciative membership, his sense of justice was made richer than before, and discernible to us as well.

This cold and silent stone stands guardian of his grave and dust, and as we gather here about this spot to think of him with tenderness, to magnify, if possible, his goodness, to bury his shortcomings in the dark recesses of forgetfulness, we learn that the "passerby will pause" to read the name of every Woodman in this wedge and choir, when earth shall be to our closing eyes a fading shadow, passing away into the future, "when our eyes shall be opened to the brightness of the hereafter, which like a sweet and beautiful vision shall come stealing o'er our senses, and changing, ever changing, shall find its fruition in a perpetual reality of joy."

We now depart, expressing confidence that Sovereign ———————— is in that better forest high above, toward which we Woodmen cast our longing, ever-restless eyes.

A TRIBUTE TO A SOVEREIGN

He was so young, the hopes of manhood just arising, that we are left confused in pondering o'er the reason for his taking off.

THE RIVER of another life has run its course between the cool and shadowy vales and mingles with the voices of the sea. He walked across the bridge that spans the depths between the cradle's pillow and the deepening gloom. He died while still a tender rose, with all its sweetest leaves yet folded. The morning of his life was interrupted by the hasty night, and e'er the hour of noon was reached, the purple twilight fell. Before the May has scarcely come, December has departed. He was so young—the hopes of manhood just arising—that we are left confused in pondering o'er the reason for his taking off.

The tear-filled eyes of those in black are watered not alone by pain and grief, but are pervaded by a holy calm—a quiet resignation. Upon the softest hearts the deepest sorrows seem to fall—upon the tenderest loves the heaviest burdens of bereavement rest.

We meet to-day in memory of Sovereign ————————, a member of the ———————— Camp, to write his name more deeply in our hearts—to place above his mouldering form a monument of stone. His virtues we extol. Upon his brow the Messenger of Peace has placed the fitted laurel wreath.

He loved the purer things in life; he had ambition and determination; with youth and health, he held the blessings of contentment, the pleasure of knowledge; and, for one so young, the joy of merited success.

In youth, we face the East. We see alone the glorious burst of prospect and of hope. Ambition leads us on. We see a goal of fame afar. Impatiently we long to skip the intervening time. We fix our gaze upon a distant phantom, vague and dim. We overlook the present. We think that failure can not be—that we are fortune's favored children. With heedless waste we toss aside the gems and grains and shining moments; but when the form is stooped and bent and memory surges with its force, and age-dimmed eyes look wistfully upon the pathway left behind by which the days misspent

lie dead and wasted, then for the golden hours thrust aside—for opportunities untaken, for every wrong that knocks distinctly on the soul—there falls upon the heart a sense of longing and remorse.

But here was one who never paused to take a backward glance. He looked ahead. He left no scattered tares behind him. He has been spared old age with all its bitter recollections. And still, how sad to see him sink beside the way and sleep, before he reached ambition's point upon the road surveyed before him—to see him taken from the earth before the measure of his years was filled!

Is it not better as it is? What good is realized ambition? What gain we when we gain the world? What have we when we conquer all? The coffers that contain our hopes are hidden in the coming years—the present is the space that lies between regret and hope—and so, to reach the point ahead, we hasten on. Yet, with the worthless goal attained—the object coveted for life secured—what is its value? No sooner is the long-sought flower plucked than it is withered in the holder's hands. Then vain regrets of chances missed, and idle musing over loss and gain, and dread of death because of half-forgotten sins, bespread their shivering gloom around us. No longer looking forward to another bridge to cross in safety—another milestone on the way—amid rejoicings and regrets, we see the journey's end abruptly rise. Then death to youth may be a kindness, after all.

Sovereign ———————— was spared all this. All images and pictures in his youthful mind—all thoughts of mastering a distant something, all longings for a name and fame—are now as though they had not been. In the depressing hush of death, they are no more.

Upon the grave we gaze in solemn, pensive thought. We measure with the eye the little mound, we guess how deep the casket lies, we wonder just how much the box around the coffin has decayed, or if the top has fallen through and broken in the glass; we scan the monument from top to base, and read the dates of birth and death, the age, the verse, the cold inscription—and look again upon the senseless clods. It is an object lesson for reflective minds—to be perused and conned. It fascinates the soul and brings us nearer to ourselves and death, and makes us better men.

Sovereign ———————— was of splendid character—solemn without stupidity, dignified without egotism, quiet without extreme reserve. He was self-denying and incorruptible. His youthful mind, like a new-broke spring, was undefiled. Such lives as this preserve the fame and glory of our Order—they shed a lustre in the paths of men—make footprints in the sands. His death but lends renewed assurance of another world fulfilling every prophecy.

Life has its source among the hills. It starts at once to make its devious and uncertain bed. It flows through woods and valleys green, with tufted grass along the edges of the meadow-streams. It meets at first no breakers in its onward way; yet while the surface still is calm and not a rippling wave is broken, it may leap forth into the yawning abysses below. This stream meanders always to the Great Deep Gulf of its own undoing.

He is resting—quiet, peaceful, undisturbed; this poor, dissembling piece of earth is slowly crumbling by the ravage of decay.

Again we might observe that neither soul nor body rests. The buoyant soul is wafted to celestial joy and finds supernal glory there, above the blue empyrean; and the deserted body, its former home, now tenantless, disintegrates and dies. As dust it soon becomes a part and parcel of the world's machinery, in departments hitherto unserved—a factor in the continuous terrestrial mutations of the restless earth.

We say the soul will be redeemed! The Supreme Ruler of the universe, a lavish spendthrift with the forms of nature, wastes not the dew-drop or the falling flake. These mute and changing forms and forces never die. There is a great eternal purpose in all substance. The water, lifted by the sun, is promised to the sea again; the clouds pour out their waters on the surface of the land in rain. They wash the hills and rocks and valleys. Through rivulets and brooks and rills these mangled rain-drops wend their way. In all the interchanging circulation one atom has not been destroyed. The lily-pastures, withered by the summer's heat, have promise of returning springtime. The Great Reclaimer bursts the petals from their pinnate buds and sends the autumn winds to robe it in the gayest colors—yet it returns to Him who lets it out for but a day.

The prickly stem bends back to earth, and yet relenting fate will stoop to touch its fading form, and in another guise of beauty will clothe and give it life again.

Why then should all these vaulting hopes—these burning passions of the soul—rise not from out the dust and chaff to grandeur once again? Why should the boundless lustre of that vital flame—the immeasurable soul—be left forgotten and forever hushed, while all the very sordid elements that encompassed it do merely change their form? The soul of Sovereign ———————— is not annihilated.

It found the path where other souls had taken flight before. It passed where innocence and guilt have gone—toward the bend that makes the dying world recede from view. It then approached the dome where death-knells sound the fatal summons and vesper bells peal out the clarion notes of parting day. It heard the call of angels from the temple of the Great Hereafter, and speeding past its mighty threshold, the door was closed behind.

How sadly sweet, how sweetly sad, were his declining hours! As beauty gloweth sweetest in its sleep, as the dew-drop's brightest lustre lingers after falling, as flowers yield their sweetest fragrance when they fade, as the gaudy sun's apparel is more richly painted by the western rim, as the last refrain of distant music most enchants the listening air, as yon clustering galaxy of stars display their gorgeous grandeur better when hovering night approaches day—so did this departed Woodman, at the closing hour of dissolution, breathe forth the tenderest fragrance of his being! He said: "I am content." Sweet are the unvexed hours savoring of content! How pure the careless slumber of the grave!

If from this deep, narcotic sleep our friend could rise to-day—could lift from off his burial box this weight of clods and flowers—what would his words of greeting be? What rules of conduct he'd prescribe! What counsels he would give! How frantically he would plead with us for justice among men!

Let Woodmen now resolve to be as fair and just as Sovereign ———————— would request if he were here to-day.

Tossed into the world unknown—of infinite adventure—this traveler will meet no melancholy or pangs unfelt before. Let Woodmen not forget! Let all the friends of this beloved, fallen friend hold his memory ever near. This monument shall be our constant reminder when we would speak of all the good he did, we will not draw his frailties from the grave.

Farewell to him whose melting heart surrendered at the touch of need. Farewell.

A TRIBUTE TO A SOVEREIGN

A shining exemplar of our tenets, he was all that the mind could fancy or the heart desire.

STRICKEN down between the noon and zenith of his journey, as ghosts of many years remain to roam the beaten road, when just beginning to enjoy the harvest of a life well spent—its consequent rewards—it is hard for us to realize that Sovereign ———————— is gone.

Dowered with the wealth of independent thought, a doer of kind deeds, a speaker of cheerful words, has passed beyond us.

Without the blare of trumpets and burst of revelry, he dispensed charity without ostentation. Like the iron-coated man-of-war, he ploughed his forward course, scornful of deviating tides or winds that blew.

Kind brother, true friend, comrade, patriotic and sincere, wherever thou wert known, thy kindly character, thy gentle spirit—thy true, unselfish nature—hath won thee friends. Thy heart was full of love, that, casting its good deeds along life's troublous and troubled pathway, brought sunshine to the soul.

We bow with grace and reverence to this divine decree—in humble submission to Him that doeth all things well. Our hearts are full of sorrow, and while we mourn thy departure from this world into another, we transfer thy name from the roll of active members, placing it upon the silent marble. We believe that beyond the starlit skies, thy name, on parchment radiant and refined, is written in hallowed letters, more plainly even than upon this tomb.

Thou didst furnish to the world the mellow tints of true fraternity, the sparkling traits of genuine friendship, and the wholehearted, lovable qualities of beneficence.

A shining exemplar of our tenets, he was all that the mind could fancy or the heart desire. It is but just to say of him that he was worthy in the highest sense of our respect and love. He was a noble champion of humanity—brilliant, capable, clean, manly, generous and pure. It is in recognition of his worth that we have pinned upon his breast the badge and flag.

Sovereign ———— did not harbor hatred. Animosity in others but made this Sovereign more kindly and refined—more liberal-minded and sublime.

No words of ours can fill the void created by his death, nor do his merits simple justice. When addressed to those who knew him best our praises are inadequate—the heart and not the tongue can draw the truest estimation. The heart is fitted with its golden strings, but tongues strike not the cords. Let strangers know that this, our language, is not the voice of adulation.

The genial, amiable ————————! Of that rare quality of heart that fadeth not away! Such a man is hard to describe—an almost incongruous mixture of gentleness and strength, of fineness and force, of tact and truth, of ready assertion and yet distinctive reticence, of gentle persistency and natural culture that grew and broadened, that sobered and sweetened, that chastened and refined!

He loved equality, justice, fairness and honesty. He regarded every selfish advantage taken of his fellow man as cowardly wrong and unspeakably cruel.

In the measure of his own esteem he did not overrate or underestimate himself, and manifested modesty in its sublimest form. He yearned for excellence and strove for higher things. A bonfire in the night of life, he made the paths of others plain.

Long toils and hard compose the story of a life well spent, and yet with bravery and good cheer he bore the yoke of his misfortunes. Upon his brow he wore the blessed laborer's crown. Generous and kind, charitable and forgiving, he asked no greater pleasure than to share his earnings with his own beloved.

He pressed from the grapes of adversity the wines of a happy life, until at last the tiring spirit dropped within him,and he sank upon the couch of sickness, never to rise again.

Toward the close his fever weighed upon his eyelids; against the tide of bitter pains—before the stress of pitiless disease, the tears of eyes, the still sick-room, the gloomy faces—his poor defenseless mind gave way. With it, speed on, brave soul!

Before we go let us heed the words of the Consul Commander, that the lessons of this occasion shall be impressed upon our hearts

and be reflected in our lives; that we shall leave this place to-day conscious that one more obligation has been honored. He rightly said that we do not know how soon others will be called upon to pay the same tribute to our memory; that being summoned as we are from the busy scenes of life to contemplate the certainties of death, should "awake within us a fresh determination to be faithful to our chosen craft."

In behalf of ———— Camp No. ———, I now declare this monument unveiled. We realize that praises of his name and life have been uttered, that every effort has been made to fulfill the duty that we owe to him—the rites and ceremonies have been observed, and now we leave his dust and ashes to the disposition of the earth that made him. We pause to give assurance of protection and fraternal love to those whom he has left behind.

The Woodmen of the World are taught to appreciate progress in material affairs as well as in science and letters. We are said to be cemented together as the mortar binds the stone. We dedicate the material works with sacred oil, and sprinkle salt—a symbol preservative and pure, upon the corner-stone and monument.

After such a dedication, the tongueless marble speaks the rest. It tells the story of Remembrance. It whispers to the early dawn, the holy eventide, the cooling breezes, the lengthening shadows and the falling shades.

It tells us that water is a cleanser of all things—a libation sanctified by all men as a token of undying fellowship and fraternity.

Woodcraft is free from sectarian or political affiliations, but we believe in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man.

The human skull and olive branch and dove of peace are emblems of the Order. Labor is represented by the axe, the beetle and the wedge. The pike-pole stands for protection of country, home and friend. The staff represents the shepherd lad who repaid evil with the gold of good. Salt is our token of hospitality, generosity and charity.

The objects of Woodcraft are said to be fraternal benefits or fraternal principles, business benefits on business principles, and social benefits upon the highest social principles known to the moral

law. It is a happy blending of fraternal, social and business relations, pleasantly united into a progressive and permanent institution.

As Woodmen we consider it our duty—one from which we never swerve—to promote as far as in our power lies the welfare of each individual member. We take pleasure in diffusing happiness around us, in inspiring confidence in our fellow men among each other. We conjure them not to throw away the priceless intellectual and moral gifts with which they were by birth endowed.

The tree of Woodcraft is the grandest tree that grows in the gardens of organized brotherhood. Its limbs are its arms of protection and peace, its roots are inlaid in beds of benevolence, its body is a giant of brotherly love, and its blossoms are the fragrance of fraternal affection.

Then enter thou, stranger, the forests of Woodcraft, for the door is open and the way is wide! Enter where the trees will protect you from the winds of adversity and their sheltering branches shield, and their great, strong arms defend you fron the storms of misfortune.

Come thou in the glorious morning of spring. Stand beneath the nest of thrush or wren hammocked in the boughs, where olive branches spread, where refreshing streams and rivulets go rippling, dancing, breaking; where the outstretched wings of the dove are seen. These are the forests to which we invite you, where, in the morning's burst, the all-beholding sun appears. He banishes the gloom of mysterious shadows and finds the world bedewed and sparkling; he lends new life to the beauties of nature in his constant journey to the west, and the shadows grow long as he withdraws his galaxy of quivering golden beams and droops down in the western world; then the violet hue grows dim and fades and the soft and silent night steals o'er the arid world, and the glimmering stars and the great, full moon assume their vigil over all. These are the things that allured our Sovereign ———————— into the forests.

We heard it said of him when he was buried here, that he should live in the eternal glories of his Maker; that "He who fashioned Arcturus, Orion and Pleiades and fixed the globe upon its orbit to

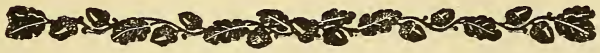
move through space around the sun, has said that man shall live forever."

We ask a question of our friends: Are all the Woodmen now departed seated in the halls of Memory. I answer, yes! If the memory of one noble friend affords a twinkling star of pleasure in a world of pain, then Woodcraft is a heaven filled with joyful constellations. If a single act of charity peals out a single clarion tone in a sphere of silent coldness, then Woodcraft fills the Universe with music. If the love we bear a single brother is likened to a single rose, then in our Order all the world is filled with flowers bursting into bloom. If constant mercy is a quality of good, then Woodcraft is the hour-glass, exhaustless as Sahara's sands, through which the last and final grain will never flow.

Let Woodcraft live, that memory's brightest lights may burn.

A TRIBUTE TO A SOVEREIGN

In name, he is no more; in fact, he lives a better life than we who come to honor him.



THE STRIFE and turmoil of a life is ended, and now we lay him down to sleep—a sailor on life's trackless sea. Too long already has he been roughly driven by the beating foam. Life's billows, having cast him here, receded; the roar and din was quelled and hushed, his faltering senses failed their office, and the death-dirge canopied all other sounds. A ship, unanchored, portless and adrift has found its harbored rest, embosomed in these hills. The snows of winter, spread like sails, will be as sheets unto his couch—the stars that guide the ships by night were made his funeral lamps.

Just as the sun retired at twilight—a silver crescent in the western skies—just as the muffled oars of night patrolled the waters of the vesper evening, the Grim Old Reaper with his scythe cut down the silent plant that grew along the water's edge, in all its strength of life and beauty.

At night, the waning moon; at day, the blazing sun; at noon, the lazy-pacing clouds, will be his only guardians.

Let not the unexpected visit of the angels who have taken him too much bereave us, Brother Woodmen. However full of love our hearts have been, however empty now the void; our grief, like everything on earth, should be short lived. But, for the moment, grief should thrive in all its fullness of expression, and therefore let the tears of those who loved him most be not restrained! When the trying hour has passed, let us be reconciled—let us survey the ravages of death and view the great machinery of destruction without the pangs of bitterness and dread.

By his departure, a momentary dream was changed into a dreamless sleep; when he awakes, the new creation will be deathless, and death alone shall die. Where he has gone, in life we can not go—we will receive no word, no message, from his lips or pen.

Death is inexplicable, incomprehensible, unfathomable. Remorselessly it tramples over vanquished beings; it grimly gathers victims in its arms; it resolutely soars beyond the palings of our

common kind. We know no more. Not even thought can follow death. It leaves the natural world and passes to the spiritual. A barrier, reaching higher than imagination's wings, divides the mystic two. Nothing but the wand of death can lend us magic power to surmount its heights and go beyond the barren hills into the farther sphere.

How little do we know of life! How little of this flickering hour wedged in between the past and future! How strange the stream we call our home—its devious ways, its pools and breakers! Life is a stream whose unknown source is far away, flowing to a sea of death, where all unite and none return to tell us if the place beyond is better.

And who can say that Life is best? In fear and trembling we are loathe to choose. This world of pain and pleasure—of buoyant hopes and deep despair—this hour of gladness and of grief, of alternating day and night and rising suns and shadows sinking in the deepening gloom; or Death, unconscious and unknowing—remorse and anger felt no more, without a knowledge of the joys we miss, obliterated even from conception of our past existence, living only in the sense that loving friends will keep our memories green.

May be this life is but a night that opens to another dawn. We can not tell. Its mysteries have not been explained, its moods we can not comprehend, and yet, we cling to life with instinct born of love and fear. Love is the king of all emotion and memory is the child of love. Fear is a microbe born of love that doubt and lack of understanding have planted in the veins of men. How puzzling is it all!

These things perplexed this Sovereign, but now, all things are understood. The mysteries are solved. He occupies a higher plane and waits for our advent. We look with eagerness and hope. Our expectations are unbounded. We wish for higher, purer worlds. We long to meet the friends who left us. Another life would be as naught unless we'd see those gentle souls we knew and cherished here.

Pictures of memory! They need no brush, no frame, no canvas. They are impressed upon the mind—a visible reality. They elicit from realms of thought a vision limned on memory's pages.

How wistfully the tear-dimmed eyes gaze on the true resemblance of the dear departed! These thoughts are treasures incomparable. Around them glisten every jewel of relationship and personal tie. They are more precious to the heart than the diamond mines of the distant Indies, or the wealth of the gorgeous East, that showers its barbaric pearls and kingly gold. These thoughts from the urn of memory are the echoes of some sweet refrain, dying away in soft and mournful cadences.

Around this Sovereign cluster laurels eternal and undying. These garlands are for him who lies in death's hypnotic slumber, untarnished through the years.

This Sovereign lost his hold on life and sank into the grave. Wearied of the din and dust, the soothing sponge of death was placed upon his furrowed brow. Clothed in the shroud's majestic dress, his weary bones are laid among the cold and pulseless clods, to lose the trace of individuality—to be united with the rocks and sands.

———————— was always gifted with a chivalry of attitude. Unpretentious, unassuming, he was often seen and seldom heard. He was a student of himself, with gentle disposition, gravely gay and gaily grave.

By the example of his life let us endeavor to better know ourselves, which knowledge will protect us from the show of vanity, the fallacy of conceit—will show to us our insignificance. Like him, remember that we are not perfect, but that the virtues most desired are in the reach of all.

But I would mention something else concerning him whose monument we have unveiled. It can not be truthfully said that he was always full of joy. In fact he seemed at times to be a very sombre being. He often wore an outward look extravagantly grave—a deep aspect of mingled doubt and meditation. A man you could not always read—at times there stole across his brow a piercing sadness, unexplained. Indulging in his silent thoughts, he roamed through every chamber of a non-committal soul. He loved enchanted isolation. He longed to be alone—to move, unwatched, in solitude. Some so-called pleasures he abhorred, and rather liked the lands of hanging clouds and vanished suns and melancholy's quiet walks

and uncollected dreams. (Oft' did he wander in the woods in quest of quiet self-communion to think and dream among the haunts of frightful desolation, to mingle with the overflowing measures of unrest, to walk alone into those weird and unmapped kingdoms, and sit until the fogs grew thick and night-throats spoke in babbling tongues their gossips of confusion!)

These things appealed to him. His soul drank nature's beauties for its refreshment. They filled his noble heart and furnished recreation to his lofty mind. His hungry spirit was inured, attracted by the hushing silence, the deep depression, the gathering shadows and the murky gloom of fjords and fells. To him, the really true delights were out beyond the clamorous world, where selfishness has found no place, and where prevails that tranquil peace that satisfies the mind.

———————— is dead. In name he is no more. In fact he lives a better life than we who come to honor him. Fulfilling Woodcraft's highest aim, let him be long remembered. Let memory never fade!

His monument we have unveiled. May it be sacred for all time.

A TRIBUTE TO A SOVEREIGN

He gathered up the good in life and turned the bad aside.

In the forest, as the shadows lengthen and the lights grow dim, all is miraculous. Our eyes follow the tall shafts of the trees and between the branches we catch a glimpse of drifting clouds, of the sinking sun, sweet-beamed and shifting lurid rays. We quaff the soothing draughts of air and lose the terrors and the fears of life—the consternation of the outer world—and feel ourselves embosomed in a world serene. We dream of lands of changeless beauty and of fadeless flowers, traversed by ever-running streams.

At such a place have we convened to-day. How sweet the thought of solitude, the pleasure of repose! How full of comfort and of joy, the woods! Seek out the undiscovered places! Find refuge in the wild delights arranged in their exquisite and delicious tastiness! Feel in your very beings the thrilling rapture of a manless empire! (Amid the woods! The loon's wild sound, loud and distinct; the watery willows and silvery birches, the deep, clear pools peopled with trout and bass; the stillness! broken only by the bark of the wolf, the chirp of jay, the cry of chickadee whose ballads fill the clumps of trees!)

This is the place we chose to leave the last remains of Sovereign ————————. He died, aye, he died; he sought his deathbed with untroubled glance, his body weary, but his heart content.

He was a being born to die. Shall we forget him e'er he scarce is gone? Oh, no; say not until the world itself forgets and we by all the world remaining are forgotten.

For many years this bark was madly beaten by the angry tempests; but unexpectedly the storm was quelled by magic hand, the threatening clouds gave place to temperate winds, and the ocean's surface calmly smiled that he might land in peace upon a foreign shore.

At Death's approach his heart beat wildly in a tumult of gladness. His longing had not been in vain. It was the wanderer's homecoming in that cool December evening, from the long-remembered journey fraught with pain.

Now do we come—his wailing friends—in goodly numbers. Bereft of him whom we have held so near and dear and tender, we sing the lamentations that we feel. Our hearts betray their sadness in our songs. Our voices utter sobbing anthems that die away in sweet refrain. Condolence now is coarse and cruel. It is untimely and is out of place. It irritates our beings. For the present time we will reject proffered sympathy and hold it in disdain. Let no one dissuade us now from that we could not—would not—stay! We choose to while the hour in weeping—to shed the tears that force themselves into the eyes of those who loved.

Let no one tell us, in our present unreceptive mood, that it is better. Perhaps all things are done for good—his good—our good—the good of all that breathe, but since we can not know the cause—see not the stroke of bold advantage, and understand no reason for the Imperial Edict which appears to us so hard and terrible, we will not—can not—now admit the wisdom of an unknown plan, 'till first we draw aside the veil that shrouds the mysteries of the future.

Soon you and I, and these and these, will guess and grope no more. We, too, allured and baffled in life's labyrinth, will fall into the hidden pit, to meet the Keeper who will lead us to that unknown place where speculation ends. We will confront the real solutions of all the problems of the world.

Death is the single agency to acquaint us wholly with ourselves. It brings repentance and humility. It almost forces a regretfulness that independent action once was ours. It quickly thrusts before the eye a mirror that reflects the every single sinful deed. It makes forgotten sins remembered.

That hope that fills the hour of death, he held. He had no fears, nor were the friends who placed him here afraid. They knew his character too well. They lowered in its grave this breathless body, confiding in the knowledge of his upright life. They knew that he would be rewarded.

In life, this Woodman earned our honest, truest loves. He was of a sort to be admired. Arrayed in wisdom and immersed in thought, he ladened all the trees of life with virtuous fruits. Hearing and responding always to the signal of distress, he was the reed on which

his needy brothers might recline. With careful thought and scrupulous discernment he chose his comrades and companions and quaffed the cup of friendship.

He heeded not the labial gossip of the calumniator, for defamation he despised. Impious perfidy and malice he decried. He loathed alike a libel and a lie.

Blinded not by notions of his own superiority, he died perhaps believing that he was but a simple, ordinary person. He was a man of most unusual attainment. He stamped the impress of his nature on his friends and bore the badge of a favored clan in an honored race. He was of iron nerve and strength, timorous only of the wrong—a brave, a true, a devoted Woodman, of splendid talents and practical ideas.

With Sovereign ———————— genuine culture was as natural as breath—a simple, unpretentious man, disdaining vain display, living in a wholesome atmosphere, conspicuous only for his qualities of good. He suspended judgment on the faults of others, and in him was well exemplified the true distinction between the critic and the friend. He gathered up the good in life and turned the bad aside.

Those tears are not unmanly that fall in mourning for such as he. Tears are not always proof of weakness. As the mind enlarges and the heart expands and the soul's appreciation is perfected more and more, we learn to better know the virtues, and it is then that grief must run its deepest course, and sorrow find no cure. The truest type of manly strength is often inconsolable.

Woodcraft teaches thoughtfulness. *Now* is the time to pause, and think. The hour is ripe for meditation. If you are a brother, Sovereign, and have spoken any words that wounded; if you are a friend and have ever betrayed a confidence reposed; if you are a parent and have, by unkind word or act, embittered or deceived the trustful; if, as a daughter, you have crushed the tender heart of mother, or as a son have bowed your father's head in shame; if you have caused, by thoughtless act, a pang of sorrow to the living—then remember that a few years hence—perhaps far less—you may stand above the grave of him or her who suffered where you did not gain. And there, as every unkind word comes surging back upon

your mind, you will wonder how the evil spirit has misguided you—how you were ever tempted to betray, how you could ever have opposed, despised or wronged! You will repent, implore forgiveness when it is too late! And if this brother whom you have abused, this mother whom you have neglected, this son on whom was poured the undeserved rebuke—these all, should they survive you, how less of sorrow they would feel. Indeed, how soon your memory would be blotted from the book of thought, except as recollections of your evil deeds might steal into its pages!

Think of the little things omitted. How happier they might have made him! How easy might the life now spent have been tenfold as sweet! Why did we, his friends, neglect him so sadly? Are we so selfish, thoughtless, insincere as this?

We know that memory has a time, a limit and a life; that generations perish like the withering leaves and sink into the mystic past—repository of oblivion. The world, a storehouse of humility, contains the humbleness and emptiness of faded renown. Therein death sits in majesty as ruler. He mocks and chides at claims to glory. He spreads across the beds of death the sheets of generations.

Yet memory survives! Enriching every human mind, it glorifies the world. It should adorn the skies! It will outlive the voiceless Sphinx that, undeterred, looks out upon the desert.

Every age has its heroes, each country its father, all nations their leaders. Great marble statues stand erected to their memories. So every Woodman is a hero, father and a leader in Love and Honor and Remembrance. They are *our* heroes. These monuments are reminders of the heroes fallen, of the fathers gone, of the leaders lying where they may not rise except in spirit. The founder of our Craft and Faith is leader, hero, father—all.

In conclusion, let us be reminded that memory lives as long as life, and death is life renewed.

Goodbye, brave friend! We hope to meet you in that second life and find a place prepared.

A TRIBUTE TO A SOVEREIGN

Faithful to his obligation, he lived to bless mankind.

A LIFE is lost—its throbs and thrills are hushed and stilled, the winds have died along the roads, the sun is dim, the clouds drift by, the years decay, but still the world will speed in silence on. We that remain stand on the verge of crumbling time.

He lingered for some days, aware that death was near at hand, but under the weight of that foreknowledge his heart did not grow sad. His dying thoughts may be expressed in words like these: "I know that I am soon to leave; conscious of no intentional wrong-doing, I find no fear in death." Brave man that, unabashed, confronts the gates of death! Brave man that knew his life was such to give no grounds for fear! Uncomplainingly he endured all pains—with stoic fortitude suppressed the show of suffering.

Let us recall the character of him who, resting in this sunken grave, surrendered life while still enraptured with its sweets—who in the very gloom of death emblazoned all surrounding things—that man whose work and worth will long survive the record of his name and self. Before our vision fancy pictures him descending through the cloudless blue. We think he's here to-day among us. In our imagination we can see the figure standing as it stood in life, or walking with that swinging gait of confidence and bravery, the eye that shone, the hand that helped, the footsteps of return.

He was charitable, considerate, honest and generous, and full of amiability and affection. To me these are the elements of a proper life. He hated affectation and bare professions of religious faith. He loved to *be*, not *claim*.

———————— made a study of the nature of his friends. He seldom lost his balance. Equilibrious almost to a fault—his even poise so very changeless—his manner gave offence to none.

Surrounded by his loving friends as death stole on, he assured them that in Mercy's Sea his sins would be submerged.

He hungered only for such fame as comes of true philanthropy and none could blush to own. He bore with meekness every praise and was a comforter and judge.

Character lives, truth is immortal, honor survives, self-sacrifice will earn rewards; for him, we claim all these. He rated friendship as the standard of eminence. In him companionship called in vogue the social powers most capable of good. He cared but little for the clink of gold, and felt a richness in the hosts of loyal friends who lived around him. He found enjoyment on this earthly sphere and shaped his actions that he might not lose the joy of higher worlds.

Then where is he, beyond the Valley? Does light or shadow hang above him? He lives beneath the shining suns, and not the clouds and rain. All hope for welfare in another world; all longing for a safe hereafter; all wish to meet beyond the vale the friends we fostered here!

Even if there were no future world wherein the good might live forever, this state of sleeping solitude is a monarch of content! How grand this resting in a calm retreat through all the coming years and ages! How matchless is this dreamless sleep, even were there yet no promise of awakening!

We sit in gloom. We know not where our realm is pitched. We are but unmanned shadows of an unreal thing, adrift upon a nameless nothingness. Perhaps this sense we know as sight is but a vain imagining. The sense of thought and touch and matter that we experience in the flesh, are but delusions of the non-existing. We are but attributes to true reality. Conjectures are the children of the mysteries. *Hope* is our sole defense against the grave. Our beings are inexplicable and strange. An unseen Power has equipped our groping faculties so weakly that we can not know. Just so deep may we delve into thought and no deeper, for the finite mind can not conquer the infinite. It only confronts insurmountable barriers.

Then is it strange that we should ask where are we bound? How safe the road? How long the journey? Again we ask, but we ask in vain, what 'waits us at the end? We cry with all the fullness of our spirits, but hear no answers to our calls. The plaintive echoes are our sole responses. Our weird and solemn wailings are in vain.

We are but mixtures of conflicting moods—now agreeable, now irritable; at one time captious to our friends, again complaisant

with our enemies. We lack the faculty of self-understanding. We are distempered by varieties of prejudices and dislikes. We are petty and whimsical; are charlatans and egotists. Therefore we should be deaf to hasty words and blind to thoughtless deeds. Our views of others must be liberal. We should be slow to criticise a neighbor's judgment. There is no "crank," no "fool."

The one supremely important problem for our thoughts is that of the soul's immortality. The frailest of all things is life, and still, this life is all that holds the floodgates to the future. While fixed in space, that part of life that thinks that it thinks—that believes that it believes—that knows that it knows, wonders if there is such a thing as thought, belief or knowledge. These mysteries are solved by death alone—that which may plunge us into nothingness forever or bring us unto Him who giveth lasting life.

Man is an unseaworthy caravel, adrift upon the ocean—death. Baffled by the power of thought, so narrow in its pale and sphere, just given oar and scope to make more difficult the unsolved problems, he rows an aimless course. His views are warped by omens never yet divined, and, overwhelmed, he often bows before the shrine of strange portents.

We can only view the solemn and uninterrupted procession of birth and death. What man can tarry here and see unmoved the constant, shifting and eternal change? What pathos and solemnity are awakened! How true that every living being who yet traversed the silent way has asked the same perplexing question and paused to listen for the answer, never made!

Is man a bubble on creation's waves to be inflated by a thing called Hope? Must he be blown by antic winds and know not whither he is going? Are his desires to any purpose? Is his poor spirit so neglected that while he's floating on the water's course beneath the sombre clouds of fear, the dashing breakers ruin all? Yes, man is such a bubble! Just as his vanity has gathered all the rainbow's tinted shades and copied all the evening's colors, by a slight disturbance in the stream, he loses all his radiance and charm, and, punctured, disappears!

Ah, hope; what colored garments thou dost fondly weave! What

gaudy rainbows thou canst paint and picture! What promises, never yet fulfilled, are spun like warp and reel from your delusions. You spread across the verdant plains mirages to deceive.

As on the heated sands of Yuma, parched and dying, the traveler dreams of babbling brooks and green oases; as on his deathbed the expiring seaman thinks the waters lash the piers and fancies all the ships asail; as on the plains the expiring chieftain's glamoured view portrays the pale-face giving up the forests; as toiling peasants tread the fields, while on imagination's wings they go to dwell with lords in mansions; or as the foundling babe sinks low and grasps the pillow in its fevered clutch, and thinks that on its pallid face is stamped the farewell kiss of mother—so does this nameless thing called Hope—this basking in the profitless but sweet, this vain chimera of deceptive mockery, this bold dementia of fallacious Hope, shine out sublime and grand! Through all the grim eternal roughness it fills the endless years with promise—with something waiting just beyond us. Some say these dreams will prove untrue and are enamored in phantasmal minds, but all admit that hope remains, and our belief—anticipation—lends joy to faith behind deception's guilty screen. Misled by its deceiving snares we willingly remain its victims until the smiling mask of hope, unguarded, falls. Let hope remain, and all its promises be filled!

Oh, this incessant yearning for a future life! Entrenched and barricaded in our beings, hope is never routed from the human kind. There is no door where, entered, hope is left behind. In all the walks of life we find its workings electrifying and enthusing men.

Some years ago, with hope his fervent star and guide, Sovereign ———————— launched himself upon the sea fraternal. He set the sails toward the island where the forest stands; he disembarked and stepped ashore and quickly walked among the trees. Wandering into its depths he met a new-found people there. They welcomed him and called him "Sovereign." He gave the promise of allegiance and became a member of the forest camp. Blindfolded, all his life had been as night until the star of Woodcraft shone, and, like Titania, with Oberon's love-juice on his eyes, he loved the things he first beheld in waking. Unrelented, unabated, that illusion is

abiding still. He vowed he would be champion and defender to the weaker members of the tribe. This obligation he fulfilled by every action, word and deed. He was taught to be impressed by the sighs of the distressed and dying, to help—to aid.

He regarded as a sacred thing the virtue of the wife or daughter of a Woodman, and would guard their mothers and their sisters as he would his own.

Faithful to his obligation, he lived to bless mankind. When the storms of passion raged around him, he poured oil upon the troubled waters. He rescued the defenseless and down-trodden brother, and tendered every service to uplift the fallen and support the weak.

Sovereign ———— loved the Order, and we will therefore say a word concerning it. The limbs of our forest are intertwined, the boughs of every neighbor tree are grown together, the roots are locked in a firm foundation, and though the storms may rage and the earth may tremble, united thus together, no trees can fall until the strong protecting arms of those surrounding have been broken. This is the lateral support of Woodcraft.

The maintenance of peace and plenty, the perpetuity of our happiness, the common welfare and the general good, depend entirely on the love of man for man as taught by us and our kindred orders. It is this love that makes the champion triumph and the hero live. It is this love for which the soldier suffers and the martyr bleeds.

This Order is a blessing to the poor and an advantage to the rich when death invades its ranks, and the loving heart pulsates no longer, and the strong arm of the robust Woodman falls helpless by his side.

To these bereaved ones gathered here it is a consolation. Their eyes, once reddened by the flow of tears, look calmly upward where his gentle spirit winged its way to find ennobling joy—where hate, nor lust, nor greed, nor passion reigns; triumphant—coursing through the gleaming heights, in radiant freedom, is his home, where pearls and gold are strewn with lavish hand and where the colors of the rainbow never fade.

To keep his memory fresh before us, this Order placed a monu-

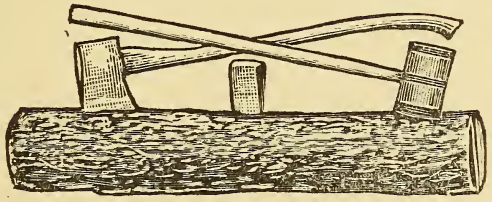
ment above him, which today has been most fittingly unveiled. Many snows will fall and many seasons pass away before this stone will crumble.

But Time is king of all destruction. The sands dug out to make this grave may be, themselves, the ruins of gilded vaults and hanging arches erected in the long ago. The mummy, sinking into dust, is blown away, the column falls from its pedestal, but Woodmen monuments will stand as long as any of the works of man.

This monument is a record to the passer-by. It tells a tale, "though mute and motionless." It writes on history's page a letter to the sons of men. In years to come, it will have lingered as the steadfast rock, a vestige, unimpaired.

Therefore, our friend, farewell! With reverence we place a chaplet of magnolias on this mound.

A TRIBUTE TO TWO SOVEREIGNS



These Sovereigns were loyal members of their Camp — were honest, generous men — were all that noble men should be.

FROM the ever-shifting throngs, one by one we each must pass; from the ever-surging masses, day by day a face is missed, a voice is stilled; hour by hour new souls are freed to hear the divine chords sounding their celestial symphonies.

As if by magic, earthly things spring into existence; they make their impress on the things surrounding; they leave their influence for better or for worse, and go away and are forgotten.

How final, how sudden is the change! The morning dawns, but when the evening shadows deepen into darkness, the day is dead. The shot rings out, the hills resound with interchanging echoes, but soon the noises die. The thunder roars, the vales reverberate the noisy conflicts—'tis over in a moment. The lightning flashes, the mirrored waters radiate its form, but now how quickly gone! The storm bursts forth, the terror-stricken beast retreats, but, lo, the air is calm again. The tempest breaks, the elements rend havoc to the trees, but soon is hushed—the leaf falls softly in the water's edge, unruffled and unscarred.

So man is born, vainglorious and proud, yet delititious; for him there is one day the cloud, one day the sun; the tempest now, the rainbow then; one day a sense of all-embracing joy, again the utter blackness of despair; and then at last, the hovering night—the bending dome of death and darkness—the great, the cabalistic end of all.

Such is the story of mankind, born for the flickering moment, striving to leave a lasting impression, losing all and everything in the dim vista of ages, mixed with the pitiless changes of matter.

Such was the story of these honorable Woodmen, Sovereigns, ———— and ————. That they may not be forgotten soon, we placed these marble shafts above them. As far as human ingenuity can devise, they stand time-proof against the tooth of age, the razure of oblivion, the dusts and mists to gather in the future years and distant generations.

As they endure, Old Father Time rolls on uninterrupted. No hand can stay his onward march. Empires rise and fall like flitting

shadows idly playing. Though lands be swept and oceans heave and islands tremble, Old Time remains supreme. He makes a tomb of every hill, a grave of every valley. He quells the throngs of glorious visions and of happy dreams that daily rise and overflow the heart, and buries in the general gloom all thought and hope and life. Within the bosom of this universal sepulchre—this bed of patriarch and seer—are found the arts evolved by toil, but buried in the long ago. He scatters all the gathered genius of the centuries into a trackless waste and void.

Time is the only tomb that never yields in any form its buried dead. Its wings are tireless and its heart is steel. A thing unmoved by melting pity, Time, lord of every earthly thing, alone survives. Time is the only one and absolutely merciless yet impartial king. It has been king forever and will never be uncrowned. Its throne is called Eternity. With wasteful hand, without remorse, it scatters wreck and ruin.

But Time will little dull the love that Woodmen hold toward their own departed. We revere and respect them. We entertain this admiration according to our own developments, and as Woodmen, our powers of appreciation have been whetted to the keenest point. Woodcraft cultivates the sentiments of love and teaches memory in its grandest form.

We gather all that memory gives and hold it as we would a rose, to fondle and caress, inhale its fragrance and adore it—to fill the empty days with love and jewel hours with joys. It scatters like the boundless winds about a restless world. It reaches every Woodman's home, however far away. It whispers of the works of men, wellnigh forgotten now. It thinks of those whose names have been omitted from the book of fame. This memory holds aloof the man who left no worshippers behind. The unknown graves hide thousands in their worthless dust whose noble deeds, if known, would fill with shining stars imagination's sky.

Memory offers an incentive to the highest happiness. It flashes like Aurora's light upon the ebon world around it; again 'tis like the radiant star whose fervent glow shines down upon the centuries forever. We find not in the gallery of the years gone by a fairer picture than that crayoned on memory's canvas.

Forgetfulness steals o'er us unawares, as runs the river of a dream, and ere long, the thoughts that occupy the mind have crowded out the memory of the friends that were; but such, of Woodmen is not true. Oblivion's tide can never drown it. We deem not dead those living lights who stepped within the golden door of lambent life beyond. They are remembered. Our fair imaginings and sleepless thoughts keep memory alive, and lend its presence to the hours of night, to gladden or to grieve. It tunes the ear to the song of birds, the ripple of the running water, the sound of the gentler voice. It recognizes worth.

When the heart, the citadel of life, is conquered and the power of resistance gone, the grave's enclosure is not death. We do not end in its terrestrial embrace, nor have these Sovereigns died because their cares have faded in the peace of slumber. It is not so. Do they not live in every mind, in hearts of wives and children? We gave camp honors to the dependent ones to-day, reminding them that cool, refreshing, pulseless death means endless rest.

Do we complain at the established order of things? The forks and prongs of every path lead to the grave. The streams of glory only flow into death's chilling sea. What living man would dare to have it otherwise? All men are drifting on a common stream, propelled by common gales, moving irresistibly in that boundless ocean where currents never change direction and where no flying birds or floating branches denote that lands are near.

And why these monuments? The Woodmen of the world adopt this motto: "No Woodman shall lie in an unmarked grave." We have been faithful to the trust. No Woodman, known as such, has ever been neglected. No longer must we seek in vain to find the grave of a departed comrade. A stone points out the place. We honor them as we would have them honor us.

For this we find our precedents in history. All peoples have been in some respects the same. We carry out a custom known to man and practiced in its many fashions, which has been but a means of commemorating the virtues and perpetuating the memory of those deemed worthy by their fellow men.

The test of worthiness depended largely on the national ideals—

to honor, power or ambition. We cross Sahara's desert sands and see the Pyramids of Egypt that all the modern world beholds in wonderment. We see the great Hall of Columns at Karnak, built by the Pharaohs and Ptolemies, standing as enduring monuments to all succeeding generations. We see the Colossi of Munoph at Thebes, serene and vigilant, that keep their tireless watch on times and empires. We see the stupendous Sphinxes of Gizeh, sculptured by the kings of the Fourth Dynasty, standing as gigantic pillars in the edifice of memory. We see the Jerusalem Temple of Solomon, and Nebuchadnezzar's Restoration of the Seven Spheres—a wonder of the world. We see the Tomb of Cyrus the Great, the Tributary King of Persia, as yet resisting the ravages of time. We see the Chares Colossus at Rhodes, vying in grandeur with the Tower of Babylon. We see the Mausoleum Monument at Halicarnassus, said to be the first structure ever erected in memory of a human being, denoting Artemesia's undying love. We see the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, the Capitoline and Cloaca Maxima, the massive walls of Norba and Signia and the Sarcophagus of Scipio Barbatus. We see the Mummy Pits at Memphis, Behistun's sculptured rocks, the Mounds of Yucatan, the Etruscan Tomb at Corneto, the Column of Duilius, the Barrows of Norway, the Vatican form of the Roman, Augustus, and the statue of Pompey!

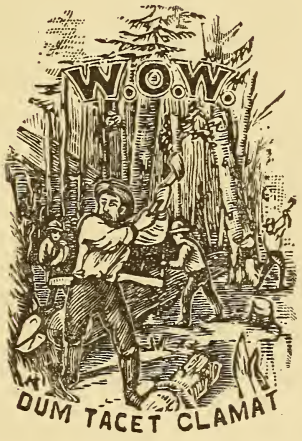
And Woodmen monuments! They are the evidence of love, and testify to the *character* of those to whom they are erected. They are something more than tributes to renown. *These two*, these Woodmen are entitled to the *proof* that we shall not forget. This proof, until to-day, has been concealed, but now has been unveiled.

These Sovereigns were loyal members of their camps—were honest, generous men, were all that noble men should be. We ask no more, and truthfully can praise them.

Their wives and children are the wards of Woodmen whom we shall ever guard and love. We will defend them against all harms. We are their truest, lasting friends. We hope that this they fully realize in every sense. We will not hesitate to go where duty calls.

To them, and to the world at large, "Let Memory survive."

A TRIBUTE TO THREE SOVEREIGNS



Those mortal coils that bound them to their human forms have loose'd their holds forever.

THE PRESENT is the proof of reality. The past is the record of events. The future is the hope of the unborn years. Life is the summary of these three—these attributes of existence. It begins with blindness, then blindness becomes growing wonder, then wonder becomes understanding, and understanding is immortal hope. This hope remains until the final scene is closed and life is written on the luminous records of memory alone.

It is the voice of memory calling now. We will respond because of love. Memory is that love that lives beyond the object of its tenderness—beyond the reach of years. Its fulsome censor spreads its sweet perfume along the way that we pursue and sheds its light upon the aisle, around the altar and above the shrine to which we bow. Its effulgence shines with incandescent radiance upon the glowing years —upon the noon-day splendor of the present and the historic embrace of the past and gone.

Our grief for faded, withered love should be a holy grief, of mingling pain and joy. *They* are rejoicing in another world, while we are grieved in this. This is a solace for our tears—a balm for sorrow's suffering.

Can we complain that they have died? In all the gardens of the earth there blooms no deathless flower. We are God's chosen, favored creatures, and have a life beyond this sphere. The mighty trees that shade these graves will fall and know no resurrection; all other beings change their forms, but we find life eternal in the distant realms, we know not where.

Sovereigns ———— and ———— and ———— have gone. Their dying eyes disclosed the glowing gleams of hope, and from their trembling lips that spoke the last farewell to earth there fell the words of faith.

How strange, dear Sovereigns, is that sentiment, when memory's chimes peal forth their tender messages! Remorse, desolation and despair—these are but naught in memory's measures; it locks within its sacred realms the joys and pleasures of the past—sweet reminis-

cences of the hearthstone's happiness, unceasing love of husband, father, brother, son; remembrance of their magnanimity—bold, courageous, indomitable, forbearing—granting honesty of purpose and goodwill to all, forgetting faults, remembering virtues, gentle, kind and tender around the family fireside—they loved their neighbors as themselves and lived for those they loved.

Those mortal coils that bound them to their human forms have loo'sed their holds forevermore—from slavery's pitiful restraint their souls were liberated—from bondage they are free! Like pardoned prisoners severed from their balls and chains, they fled the captive walls.

Now that the winter of bereavement has run its chilling, sobbing course, the spring of memory wreathes itself in radiant smiles again. The overwhelming burst of grief becomes a quiet, holy joy. Our unscarred faces brightly beam because the storm has died away, our brows are garnered by the gentle tears of recollection.

Now are we brought to the realization that beyond the rosy tints of sunset, behind the golden hues of day, there is a charming, peaceful valley that drinks the diamond dues of morning; that 'mid the silent hush of shadows there flows a wondrous stream, on the surface of whose sparkling waters bright diamond crystals glitter like gems in crowns of kings; and as these disembodied spirits feebly stepped upon its brink, we all believe they entered gilded boats of justice, sailed through the shades of limbo's port, and standing there before the Sovereign Commander of the Universe, joined in the choir of angels' voices, chanting in melodious chords, 'mid wings of seraphim, and chimes of cherubim, "Nearer, My God, to Thee; nearer to Thee."

Departed Woodmen, if by the drift of some strange providence, your beings, too radiant for our mortal views—unseen, as sunset veiled in night—are hovering here about us now, or if you soar above the immortals' loftiest pinnacles, wilt thou not watch us with thy tenderest care, look down into our hearts and guide us, direct our footsteps, gently lead us? We are but unmanned substances, adrift upon an unknown stream, and before the pendulum of time shall mark the passing of another fortnight, perhaps that never-ceasing

torrent will bear some other Sovereign hence, tossed by occidental foaming billows into the realms of Hesperus—from the stirring scenes of life's vicissitudes into the arms of peaceful sleep. Before another camp convention more Woodmen may stray from the forests to join you, and when in June of the coming year our Shepherd calls us here again, more homes will be draped by veils of mourning, more hearts will be sorrowful and sad, more forms will lie beneath the pines o'er which the star of Woodcraft shines.

If this afternoon I could array before you in physical form—in material substance—the many transcendent virtues possessed by those beloved men whose lives to-day we cherish and commemorate—could regale your ears with the music of unspeakable tenderness of widows and loved ones whose burdens they lightened, whose labors they lessened, whose griefs they assuaged—too sweet, too mellow, too deep for human utterance—no words of mine were necessary, but in arrayed admiration you would turn your eyes to the scene and mingle your voices with the joyful expressions of enduring gratitude to the Grand Creator of the World that in His Infinite Wisdom he has seen fit to instill into the hearts and minds of the members of this Order the principles of Justice and Brotherly Love.

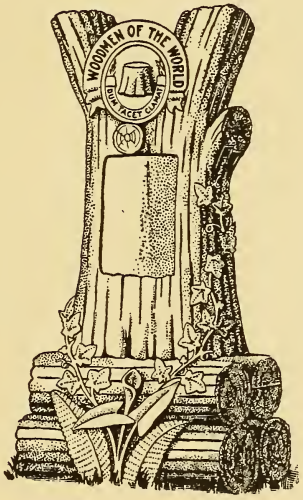
The world at large, cold in its self-exaltation, eager in pursuit of wealth, madly seeking through commercial channels to attain the things material, perhaps cares naught for our symbolic rites and ceremonies, but those who do abide among us and heed the lessons we observe, derive from life its grandest blessings.

Kind Sovereigns, be true to Woodcraft, and you can not then be false unto yourselves. Respect the memory of the dead, and you may hope to be remembered. Speak not an unkind word of him who, voiceless, can not make defense. Remember only every good. Forget the sinful deeds.

Adieu, dear friends, until we meet together in the Forests high above wherein indeed each man shall be a Sovereign, and where the soul itself will be unveiled unto the world, that all may read and know.

Long live these marble monuments, the products and the symbols of remembrance!

AT DECORATION



This is a sacred place, a glorious day—the golden hour of recollection, the time for gladness and for joy, for memory and tears.

AT DECORATION

TODAY we come to the woods again, bringing back our native hearts to love of Nature. Creation smiles on every hand; we find enchantment in the groves, amid the shades, beneath the trees, where, tinted by the sinking sun, the timid daisy grows beside the cowslip and the yew. The air is redolent with the spicery of temperate fruits—the pine, that strives to pierce the purple canopy of day or reach the princely hierarchs, twinkling in the dome of night.

Let the soft winds play in the woody dells and the violets wave among the steeps, and the dew-drops minister their healing balm to wounded vine! Cloud not this splendid day of decoration! Let sunlight shine and gladness ring and drooping May-pops hold their heads erect and listen! This is a sacred place, a glorious day—the golden hour of recollection, the time for gladness and for joy, for memory and tears! Let every hillside, exultant with its beauty, smile! Let every herb breathe memory! Let chaliced flowers fill their cups with dancing beams! Make every grave a cairn! Our love of nature leaps in response to the new-born joy of a Southern spring. To-day we sail on wings of joy! When memory's mantle falls in draping train, enfolding day, the hearts of Woodmen swell.

We decorate the grave at every Woodman's marble column, on this the sixth of June—the birthday of the truest Woodcraft. These flowers will soon fade, but memory, fadeless, is eternal. New wreaths of roses will be brought at each succeeding sixth of June, long after every one that brings them now and lays them down with tenderness, is prostrate in the grave.

These Brother Woodmen! they have gone to meet with those who went before them— not locked forever in their prison vaults, but gone to gain acquaintance with the sages of the past. How much the price to hold communion with them all! To hear from Old King Solomon the story of the Masons' Temple; to meet with Bru-

tus, Cassius, Dionysius; to cross the Rubicon with Cæsar; to speak to Buddha, Bramah and Confucius; to hear from Egypt's Queen the story of her great devotion, from Sappho of the unrequiting Phaon; to watch the quivering, love-kissed lips of Verona's maiden, Capulet; to hear the wailings of demented Lear, or meet abroad the ghost of Hamlet's murdered father; to compare the hearts of Nero, Robespierre and Richard; to hear soliloquizing Cato or Demosthenes' Philippics hurled again; to see with Plato the Vision or Er; to learn from Homer of the Sun-god's anger; to hear from Æsop the Phrygian Fables, from Xenophon of the Cyrus of Romance, from Hesiod's breath the tale of the Winter Winds, from Thucydides the history of the funeral of the slain, from Pindar's own description to see the breath-fire of Chimæra and frowning hills of old Parnassus; to kneel at the shrine of Aristotle, or sit at the feet of Plato! How glorious to be in such associations, to meet the peoples of the ancient times, to learn again the story of the days that were! To trace from their recitals the progress of the life of man; to go beyond the distant past—behind imagination's bounds, so far that earthly records are extinct—and know the peoples of the generations, as though the world were but a day!

From this dark background of human history come many of the sublimest teachings of the human race. We know that in ages vastly remote—too distant for the mind to grasp—that nations, peoples and governments had already become venerable with age through prehistoric generations, and when the curtain first arises to admit our view, we see the primitive races within our knowledge possessing culture, refinement and civilization, and advanced in the arts and sciences. We see vast migratory movements of those distinct in character, complexion and physiognomy, engendered by a love of freedom and a regard for the welfare of the races of mankind, peopling the virgin continents, and migrating toward the Occident to escape the oppression of tyrant kings. This mutual regard supplanted gradually the barbaric tendencies. In later years, within our own convenient history, a new found world was offered to the East by exploring seamen. This continent was a virgin forest, in which was planted this mutual regard, now well developed into

stronger ties, and called fraternal love. It is the culmination of the years—the product of the seeds implanted in the hearts of cruder men.

We find the evidence of fraternal love, undeveloped and uncultured, displayed by Hamitic, Semitic and Aryan peoples from the early dawn. These teachings have been well preserved—have grown until they have become a part of the very beings of to-day—and we find embodiment and accumulation of the grandest teachings of them all in the lessons of Fraternalism.

In disseminating these precepts, our Order but exemplifies the doctrine of fellowship, on which the success and prosperity of nations depend, equality and justice a substantial part. We find these wondrous lessons in the Valley of the Tigris, on the water of the Euphrates, in ecclesiastic Nineveh. Again we see them in Phœnecian culture at the foot of the Lebanon Mountains; we see them on the Messopotamian Plains, exemplified by the patriarch—Abraham; we see them in the balmy regions of the Caspian Sea and on the snowy ascents of the sheltering Pyrenees; we see them in the language of the prophet, Zoroaster, spreading through the multitudes of Indo-Iranics; we see their presence in a measured degree in the nomadic tribes of aboriginal Turania—in the countless hordes of Xerxes as he crossed the Hellespontine Bridges to the shores of Greece; we find their practitioners seated in the Chariot of Garlands as it rolled on the Plains of Doriscus; we find such lessons in the story of the Greek Hermes, with his winged sandals, and the Arch-god Appollo, with his twanging bow.

We see some lessons of benevolence in the myths and fables of ancient Troy; again we see their teachings in the legendary gods personified; from the ecclesiasts, who consulted the Oracle of the Delphian Shrine and interpreted the omens from Apollo by the perfumed breath of the Templed Cave; from the priests of old, who listened for the death-calm voice of the Pelasgian Zeus in the rustling leaves of the sacred oak.

We find the fundamental principles of charity and mercy, that later became our Fraternal Love, in the religious mythology pertaining to the physical universe—the sun, the clouds, the stars, the

winds, the elements. We find their presence in all creeds and all denominations—from the first Armenian to Mohammed, from Rameses to Cleopatra, from wolf-nursed Romulus to Imperial Cæsar. They filled the lives of Solon the Lawgiver, and Pericles the Statesman; of Socrates, who drank the fatal hemlock, and Pythagoras, the seeker after knowledge; the ideal republic evolved by Aristotle, and the doctrine of pre-existence sung by the poets of Immortal Plato. We find them in the laws of Quintus Hortensius and Gaius Flaminius.

Likewise we find among all peoples a commemoration of the virtues of the dead, in accordance with their standards of morals, and often the immortalization of the deeds of those who possessed the greatest power—too seldom to those whose lives were consecrated to the cause of humanity, to the stoics of nations or the martyrs of liberty.

Down through the ages came these teachings, and we have gathered in the harvest planted by the centuries. We call it Fraternal Love.

Organized fraternity! How much for the people it is doing! Until the past few years it was a thing unknown. Then rose a few high-minded men, who spoke in voices like the earthquake's over all. They crystallized the sentiments of Fraternal Love into fraternal rituals. They bound together man and man.

The founder of the Craft that teaches Love, Honor and Remembrance, stands to-day a true philanthropist, and it is due to him that we have met to-day, in Love and Honor and Remembrance.

In every forest is a fountain waiting for the lips of thirst—the hungry soul, the eager heart. The forest feeds receptive minds. In the mountain range of Fraternal Love and noble deeds, this Order is a lofty peak, from which the smiling rays beam down upon the little hills around it, and from whose mighty sides there flow the tributaries of the streams of good.

It teaches Memory—that which adorns the forest better than the sun. The sun gives light and succor to the living tree, but soon decays the fallen logs; memory sheds its lustre on the living and spreads above the dead a light that petrifies and keeps. It rests its form upon

the pedestal of thought. Returning good for evil, it does not barter wrong for wrong—does not repay injustice with revenge.

Among the many millions dead, alas, how few are now remembered! Yet some will live in memory of their fellow men through all the tides of time where records may survive. Those few whose deeds and works were bequeathed to us, their grateful benefactors, still gleam in undiminished brightness through the years.

It is apparent to our senses that man has an inherent love of life. It is not the pleasure of experience, for he often faces untold woes. It is the work of nature—the instinct of self-preservation. All mankind battles for existence. One can not bear the thought of losing his identity and sinking into dust and ruin, and as he contemplates the endless interchange of mother nature's elements, he holds his own individuality as high above all other things. As death approaches he grows more confident that something comes as death's attendant, to guide the soul to shores of safety. He is convinced that death is but a chapter in the book of life—a furlong of the lengthy highway—the close of an act in an endless drama.

Death! a word that goes resounding down the corridors of time! That made of us the noblemen we are—that builded nations and uplifted men!

Death in its walkings has been displayed to every people. Some see the cross-bones and the human skull, some see the grim and and gruesome Reaper who wields the sickle red with blood. Right thinking people consider Death to be the fulfillment of a promise, the visitation of the hand of God.

Review the ideas of other peoples: we find the Norseman fearing Death, that came to him as a dark, engulfing cloud, sweeping down and taking men into its folds; to the Hebrews the Angel Sammaël stood orderly to God and on command traversed creation with his sabre; the Talmudists believed that the sight of Sammaël brought instant dissolution; again we find in Italy, lurking even in the hills of Rome, a hungry woman, who in waving garments dashed about, descending here and there upon the doomed. In Aryan India was the dreaded Yama. In Greece was the dying gladiator, whose soul escaped through his many wounds and went to High Olympus, or

dropped like a rock through the Shaft of Avernus to the prison of the Titans in the bottom of Tartarus.

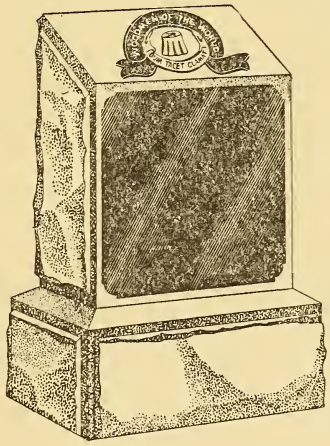
And yet their ideas of memory were, in a measure, similar to our own. Power, however, rather than virtue, was the chief ideal, the thing to be extolled. Their marks of memory are tributes rather to ambition than to the qualities of good that we, as Woodmen, most adore.

And we are right! Where are the laurels of the ambitious, when they have worked for self alone? How vain this wish for power, glory, grandeur, wealth! They do not deify the living, and what do they avail the dead? The tallest column in the world may be a tribute to ambition. Great tombs are built in memory of those unworthy of the name of brother. Temples where the sculptor's art and painter's skill were spent, have been erected to the undeserving. And yet, in obscure graves, where wooden head-boards fall and rot, we find the dusts of those who merited our deepest loves. They are forgotten ruins of the habitations that once have harbored kindly and resplendent souls.

Such men are those we honor now—whose graves we decorate with flowers. Their monuments are sufficient indications of their resting places, and are substantial proofs of memory. They mark distinctly every grave. What more could be desired?

Dum tacet, clamat! He speaks though he be silent! These tongueless stones can speak no words, and yet they tell a splendid story. Through them shall pass the tides of many tender memories.

AT DECORATION



There is no light that glows so clear,
No sun so bright and shining,
No sentiment so sweet and dear
As memory's repining.
For when the bitter grief has fled
And we review our sorrow,
We find that loss of friend to-day
Gains memory to-morrow.

AT DECORATION

This afternoon we heard the gentle wafting of the Woodmen burial songs, floating through a buoyant medium, coming upon and overwhelming us, in memoriam, of thoughtful souls to solitude retired.

Memory! tranquil, treasured and intangible; memory of those we've loved and lost, those whose manly forms and faces to-day we see again before us; young men, noble men, knightly men, gentlemen—at one time full of eager hopes, inspired with laudable ambitions, filled with infinite tenderness for these relatives and friends, possessed of the kindest fraternal love for our devoted brotherhood—gone from our midst forever. That solemn voice brought back no echo—our plaintive roll-call they answered not. The Angel of Death had previously summoned them and they responded one by one; yielding up life's hopes and promises, surrendering mortal pangs and pains, they followed Him to the Infinite Kingdom in the regions of the Great Beyond. Their places in our halls are vacant, lamenting homes see them no more. They calmly, coolly met the future, with faces thoughtful but serene.

Material objects of this world became to their sight but fleeting shadows, drawing away in the darkness of oblivion, and their senses dulled, they crossed that cold and cruel river that separates us from the Unknown Shore; and there again, their eyes re-opened, they did behold a shining vision—Olympus' high celestial light—yes, a pageant scene so divinely beautiful that the stars that crown supernal night will shine to them no more—will lose the halo of their brightness in the dark recesses of the universe below their glittering sphere. Some of the rarest flowers that ever gladdened earth have been transplanted into the gorgeous garden of immortality. In faltering accents we express our deepest adoration.

And yet we seem to feel their soothing presence here to-day—majestic essences of the spirit's self. We think we hear their death-

calm whispers, like the rustling leaves of Dodona's oak, descending through the radiant gap that memory opens 'twixt earthly scenes and supernal view. With this our broken spirits are consoled. We think their pulses beat anew, the sparkle of the eye returns, and we in vivid fancy fondly dream they've come to us again! Imagination plainly pictures them as moving in our Camps once more! These thoughts pervade our inner beings—they thrill our souls with raptured ecstacies—they permeate the air we breathe to-day and sanctify its mellow sweetness.

In sacred veneration do we beings, still instinct with life, convene today; not to mourn in tones of grief and anguish their transitions into Life, not to fill the airy realms with futile tributes of regret, not to plunge our guests into the pits of deep affliction, but to revere *their* memory, to speak of their virtues, to honor their excellent names! Not that *their* dead human senses can appreciate these solemn rites, not that their deaf ears can hear the trembling notes of song we utter, not that their closed eyes behold the mingling joys and sorrows depicted by these tear-stained faces, but because they subscribed to the glorious principles of illustrious Woodcraft—to the cause of benevolence and harmonious brotherhood.

In the green meadows of Woodcraft we met them, together we roamed in the pastures of friendship, in unison we drank from the rollicking rivulets that rippled beneath the cerulean skies. There did we roam, in the glorious mornings of springtime, when the trees, made sweet with the fragrance of flowers, called Nature's sleep into life anew; when the sap of the oak was awake'd from its slumber and covered the landscape with a green robe of spring, and as the dormant call of nature's voices re-arose and perfumed blossoms rebedecked the winter's barren wilderness, there did we Woodmen enjoy a seclusive communion and a blissful companionship, hearts to hearts and souls with souls. Beneath the azure sea of heaven, when the vesper sun in dim eclipse its twilight mantle spread abroad, where nature's workshop wantonly entangled the luxuriant foliage of the boughs with the matchless beauty of bush and vine, where in unrivalled prodigality and profusion are weaved the countless myriads of intertwining shapes and forms, *there* came forth the honest,

sturdy Axemen, to meet in the trysting-places of friendship, unmolested, uninterrupted, undisturbed by the wild vexations of the bustling world. *There* did we learn to appreciate their kindness of heart, to recognize their hitherto undiscovered qualities, to comprehend their emotional sorrows. Thus did we find them humanity's champions, their lives made beautiful by the practice of charity, their souls imbued with the splendor of justice, their hearts environed by a spirit of brotherly love, and their minds aglow with the light of eternal fidelity.

Tendering their sympathies at the bedside of suffering, in life did we find them day by day—their hands were stretched forth to relieve the unfortunate, and fleeing as swiftly as the noble dove, the emblem of the peace of Woodcraft, we saw them go to uplift the fallen, to aid the weak, to assist the needy, to visit those whose lacerated hearts were bleeding, forever the bearers of sunshine and gladness to homes benighted by shadowing gloom, and aiding at all times to dispel those clouds that darken the lives of men.

My brothers, from the fundamental laws of nature we learn that every earthly material substance has a mission to perform and a purpose to subserve. The mightiest sun that blazes in space and the tiniest twig that grows about the footstone of the humblest pauper, has each its function to fulfill. Be it but a dainty violet born to flourish in the forests, it rears its form in proudly arrogance, gives forth its fragrance to the winds, then droops its head—and dies. Every man that ever breathed the breath of life had an influence to exert, a destiny to reach and an account to render unto his Maker. In the brief space of life's flickering moment the soul is judged for all eternity—its fate is sealed for all time to come, and its destiny remains unchanged throughout the endless cycle of the ages. At least these are the lessons taught us. Nothing is firm, nothing is certain, nothing is permanent—yon distant planets, orbs of space, may court existence on today and meet destruction on tomorrow. In life we are in the midst of death, and when our Sovereigns reach that undiscovered home elysian from which no traveler returns, we are consoled by the vivid consciousness—the confident belief—that all of them discharged the labors outlined and destined by the hand

of fate, and their life-works ended, their duties faithfully performed, their earthly missions well fulfilled, without a murmur each withdrew, laid down his arms in eternal surrender, and in the all-subduing peace of thraldom found repose. O'er their hallowed graves may the winds of heaven whisper hourly benedictions. Where death's concealing casket draws the mantle of mother earth about each lifeless form, the hollow, mocking stillness of their sepulchres will breathe a doleful requiem, "If aught inanimate ever grieves."

And yet these Woodmen have not died! They waited in the earth below—the ante-room to Life and Lodge Superior. They gave the pass-word, sign and signal, and entered where no death can go. There shall the soul of man live on—live on and on and on—until infinity itself becomes a sightless molecule in the roll of passing time; and though the lapse of silent years may soften somewhat our pathos of grief, yet so long as memory's radiance adorns the heart of man, so long shall their names and their memories be first in the hearts of surviving Woodmen; and on the marble monuments that tower above their heads shall be indelibly inscribed their reverential names, and our wounded, aching hearts shall find a healing balm forever in the clarion sounds and silvery tolling of the forest bells.

Old age and youth are buried here—this charming public rest. How much we love the feeble man who banishes repining thoughts and lets contentment's sun shine down upon his honored head! How much we love advancing years, when in his colored locks the hand of time has sown its threads of silver! How much we love the aged eye-brows' lingering gray! Again, how brave is youth—the gladsome months, life's merry spring, the vim and vigor of a growing force, with confidence that, self-reliant, dreams only of success!

In this silent City of the Dead are monuments of marble, granite, bronze and brass. They are mementoes of affection and respect. We see rare blossoms as they scent the air from the plants that loving hands have placed about these emerald swards. They keep the tufted surface green above the silent sleepers. But greater than these monuments of stone—sweeter than the fragrance of the pink carnations—are the tributes which our pulsing hearts would lay upon their tombs. Greener than the wreaths of roses tastily arranged

before us, are the mental chaplets we would weave to crown the brows of those who are not dead, but sleeping!

The spirits of our living brothers send up the golden links of love to catch the inspiration of the other spirits in the far beyond. As thought recalls the tender past, the unseen smile, the familiar form, the well-known voice of him who is no more, the sympathetic tear, because of re-awakened memory, courses down the cheek.

Petrific memory! It has no bounds! It is a power irresistible. It is an Atlas, bearing the world upon its shoulders! It is immaculately pure! It turns its own leaves swiftly backwards, with a sure and never-resting hand. It reproduces every scene—recalls the things that were the brightest, loveliest and best, connected with our absent but not forgotten friends.

Farewell, brave souls! We leave you to the God that made you. We must leave much to Faith, content to sing with Sydney Lanier: "Oh, would that I could know what swimmeth below when the tide comes in."

DEC 2 1909

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